

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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AN OPEN LETTER

From Ex-Governor Fishback of Arkansas to President Cleveland

Hon. Grover Cleveland, president of the United States:

Dear Sir—Your evident determination to force upon the Democratic party the alternative of adoption of your financial schemes (I use the word advisedly) or a disruption of our great organization, imposes upon every patriotic Democrat in the United States the duty of speaking out in indignant protest.

I feel it especially incumbent upon myself since having been invited by the National Democratic committee to canvass Indiana and New York in your behalf, during the presidential campaign, and having, I regret to say, cheerfully complied with their request under the belief that you were an honorable man, who would carry out the pledges of the party to the people, I am not willing by my silence to become a particeps criminis to the inexcusable deception through which you attained a second term in the presidency.

There is abroad in the land, Mr. Cleveland, a not unfounded suspicion that you are not aware of the existence (except upon the map) of any other portion of the great country over which you preside, than New York and the states east of the Alleghenies and north of the Potomac.

If you were aware of the existence of this great outlying empire, including the rest of our union, it would be difficult to decide whether you were recklessly ignorant or criminally reckless of its interests.

The founders of our government wisely ordained that a national census should be taken every ten years. For what purpose do you suppose, Mr. Cleveland? Was it for mere fun? Was it not that every intelligent voter and especially every government official might learn what effect upon national prosperity national politics were producing?

Our constitution makes it by implication one of the most important duties of the chief executive to study these census reports and to make such recommendations to the congress as his information derived from this and other sources may suggest.

If you have studied these reports and have seen how startlingly the prediction of Mr. Carlisle has been verified, so far as the west and south are concerned, as well as certain classes of other sections, when he said Feb. 21, 1878:

"The conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy by legislation and otherwise from three sevenths to one-half of the metallic money of the world, is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age. The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famines that ever occurred in the history of the world."

Then your reckless disregard of the rights and interests of upwards of ten-eighths of our union is a crime—a crime against humanity and treason to your country.

I am unwilling to believe that you are criminal, but shall assume that you must be ignorant of the disclosures of the census reports, and have therefore imposed upon myself the task of calling your attention to a few statistical facts which might well startle every thoughtful patriotic man in the United States.

I shall also assume that you are sufficiently informed to know that it is an axiomatic truth of political economy that not the accumulation of wealth, but its proper distribution, is the true measure of the prosperity of a people.

For an illustration, a few corrupt government officials, together with a syndicate of money-lenders, might accumulate several millions of wealth by issuing national bonds of a country and mortgaging without their consent the entire prosperity of the people to secure their payment, but this corrupt accumulation of wealth would be scarcely regarded as an evidence of the prosperity of the people who would have it to pay. Quite the reverse.

Congestion of wealth in the body politic is as much an evidence of disease as congestion of the blood in the animal body. That such a congestion has taken place in this country, let the following facts from the census reports abundantly attest:

That you may appreciate the full force of these startling statistical disclosures, let me resort to comparison and contrast of periods.

I select the last decade before the civil war, from 1850 to 1860, when economic conditions in the United States were normal and our government had not yet entered into corrupt alliances with the law-created wealth of the world, and the last decade since the war, from 1880 to 1890, as being freest from the complications of war and reconstruction.

In 1850 the New England and middle states combined (and these are the only states whose interests you seem to think entitled to your consideration) had more than twice as many miles of railroad as "the south." Ten years afterwards, in

1860, "the south" had 387 miles more than they.

In 1850 the New England and middle states combined had \$260,000,000 more of wealth than "the south." Ten years afterwards, in 1860, "the south" had \$750,000,000 more than they.

During this decade the New England and middle states combined increased their wealth \$2,460,000,000, while the south increased theirs \$3,480,000,000, or upward of \$1,000,000,000 more than all the New England and the middle states combined.

In 1860, although the south had less than one fourth of the population of the union and less than one-third, including slaves, and though the white men of the south did little or no work, while the negro did only so much as he was compelled to do, and although the south had but little over half as much invested in farms as the balance of the union, yet she produced \$377,000,000 more of agricultural products than all the rest of the United States combined.

Is it possible, Mr. Cleveland, to suppose from these facts, that, left to inherent wealth-creating capacity, any part of the New England or the middle states could ever successfully compete with the south? and particularly since her labor became free?

Yet mark the overwhelming reversal after our laws began to create wealth for a favored few.

In the last decade, from 1880 to 1890, Massachusetts, one of these same New England states, grew in wealth in these ten years \$11,000,000 more than Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, all combined.

These are ten among the most fertile states of our union, and are sixty-one times as large and have nine times as many, and just as industrious people as Massachusetts.

Ask and answer to yourself, Mr. Cleveland, why this wonderful contrast of the two periods?

Pennsylvania, one of the most barren of these same middle states, which the south was so surpassing during the first decade, in the last decade, from 1880 to 1890, grew in wealth \$13,000,000 more than Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana all combined. These sixteen states are nearly fifteen times as large and have more than fifteen times as many people as Pennsylvania. Why this remarkable change?

New York, another one of these same middle states, grew in wealth during the last decade \$7,000,000 more than Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana all combined. These sixteen states are nearly sixteen times as large and have more than four times as many people as New York. Why this reversal?

Rhode Island, another one of these same New England states, is perhaps the most barren patch of the continent. It is not as large as the two smallest counties of Arkansas. It has less than one-third as many people as Arkansas, yet this little patch of sand and stone and salt water grew in wealth during the last decade \$41,000,000 more than the four great states of Illinois, Indiana, South Carolina and Mississippi, all combined. These four states are one hundred and thirty-six times as large and have twenty-one times as many people as Rhode Island—just as earnest, just as honest, just as industrious people, all toiling just as eagerly to make wealth.

Mr. Cleveland, will you pause long enough from pushing your schemes to inquire why this astounding change in the two decades?

I had indulged with many others the belief that the New England tariff was the chief factor in this congestion of our national wealth, but recently published statistics, gathered since the passage of the Wilson bill, forbid this conclusion. For they show a still more startling condition of the disease.

In one single year, from 1893 to 1894, the state of Massachusetts grew in wealth upward of \$24,000,000; Pennsylvania grew upward of \$46,000,000; New York grew upward of \$235,000,000—three times as much as all the distinctively manufacturing states combined; while the entire south and west suffered an aggregate loss of more than \$400,000,000 in this one single year.

These are not predictions, Mr. Cleveland, nor yet theories, but stubborn facts.

Nor is the story all told yet, Mr. Cleveland. These same well-tale census reports disclose upon whom these enormous losses are falling, as well as into whose hands this enormous increase of wealth is falling.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright's census bulletin, No. 98, shows that notwithstanding the immense increase in the wealth of Massachusetts, 82 per cent. upward of four-fifths of all the families residing in Boston, have no homes, but live in rented houses, while a large percentage of those who nominally own their homes are

fighting under constantly appreciating mortgages.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the wealth of Pennsylvania, 77 per cent, or more than three fourths, of the families residing in Philadelphia have no homes, while a large part of those who have homes are struggling against constantly appreciating mortgages.

Notwithstanding the increase in the wealth of Rhode Island, 79 per cent, nearly four-fifths, of the families of Providence have no homes.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the wealth of New York, 94 per cent, more than nine-tenths, of the families who reside in New York City have no homes, while a large part of the 6 per cent who nominally own their homes are desperately battling against constantly appreciating mortgages.

This same bulletin shows another significant fact—that a larger percentage of foreign born citizens of the United States own their homes than of natives. This might have been anticipated, for, having been bred in monarchical countries, where government by "experts" hedged around by the doctrine of divine right, has long obtained, they are better prepared for the condition which we, in this country, are but inaugurating.

Who are the people who have no homes? Are they the bankers or protected manufacturers or other financial "experts?"

But these census reports do not stop even here in their disclosures.

They show that right alongside the factory-made home markets in Massachusetts nearly 1,500 farms have been abandoned, upward of 700 of which had houses upon them. In Pennsylvania, in New York, in all New England, agriculture is in unprecedented distress and farms are being abandoned.

I am aware that men of your class, who are far more eager to find excuses than remedies for existing conditions, glibly tell us that the fertile fields of the west have rendered the farms of New England and the older states unprofitable by reason of their competition. But these same census reports brand this as false.

Take for illustration Illinois. Before the war this was the farmer's paradise. Almost every acre of it is as fertile as the valley of the Nile, and it is in a high state of cultivation, giving indisputable evidence of unremitting toil and energy. Every county in it has from one to twenty railroads. Its cities have grown in wealth during the past decade about \$500,000,000. Yet the aggregate wealth of Illinois during this decade has decreased \$59,000,000, and during the single year from 1893 to 1894 it decreased upwards of \$24,000,000.

Upon whom has this loss fallen, Mr. Cleveland? Certainly not upon her cities, which have grown enormously. Not upon her manufacturing interests, for they have increased in the city of Chicago alone \$297,000,000 during the past decade, while 71 per cent of the families who reside in Chicago have no homes.

It is the same old tale told in New England and the middle states. It has fallen upon the great toiling masses who make their living by the sweat of their faces—the farmer and the laborer.

In no part of the world is agriculture prospering except in silver using countries. These are prospering phenomenally and at the expense of the farmers of gold-using countries.

These are not theories, Mr. Cleveland, still less are they predictions, but stern, unrelenting facts—stupendous facts that might well startle into remorseful reflection a fiddling Nero, if not a reckless bond-issuing president!

Mr. Cleveland, while you and your allies are so prolific of predictions (if there is a single argument in favor of the gold standard which is not based upon predictions and predictions, not one of which has ever yet been fulfilled, it has escaped my attention), has it ever occurred to you to cast your prophetic vision far enough in the future to predict what the result will be if this state of things continue until Japan and other silver-using countries shall have supplanted both our farmers and manufacturers in the markets of the world as they have already rapidly begun?

Not a single selfish prophecy of a Sherman or Carlisle was ever as well founded as the prediction that, in this event, our masses who labor, whether in factory or on farm, will become so impoverished that our public schools, our colleges and our churches will be decimated from sheer poverty and consequent inability to attend.

Are not free institutions, nay, even civilization itself, at stake?

Your excuse, Mr. Cleveland (for you and your class are as prolific of excuses as you are of predictions), for laying upon the property of the people these heavy mortgages in the shape of bonds, instead of restoring silver to its corruptly lost monetary functions is, I know, that Wall street insists upon raiding the treasury. But your excuse has by yourself been proven a sham. For during your first administration, when you still indulged hopes of future preferment and therefore felt a sense of responsibility to the people whose favor you courted,

your secretary of the treasury very successfully and very summarily stopped this same sort of raid by threatening to obey the law and pay out silver instead of gold to these raiders of New York and London. It could be done in ten minutes again. But now that you no longer hope for future office and have possibly, if not probably become a part owner in these same mortgages with which you so ruthlessly burden the people, who have honored and trusted you, you turn upon your party, to whom you are so much indebted, and threaten to break it up, as in Kentucky and Nebraska, unless the people tamely submit to your unhallowed schemes.

May I not, Mr. Cleveland, suggest that you pause and ponder results, lest your name, together with that of John Sherman and of that other Sherman who resigned a federal judgeship to escape impeachment for corruption in office, all go down in one common grave of infamy?

It is a favorite part of the schemes of yourself and allies to avoid a discussion of financial questions, as usual, among intelligent men, upon history and experience, but boldly to predict all sorts of calamities the better to hide the calamities that already exist and to denounce these who are guided in their reasoning by the experience of the past as "cranks," "knaves," etc. With a lofty, supercilious self-importance, too, born of the impudence of unholy wealth, the advocates of your schemes, in the face of all experience, in the face of the most cherished doctrines of Democratic institutions, calmly tell the people that they are unfit to discuss their finances, but should leave all such questions to "experts."

It would be affectation in me, Mr. Cleveland, to suppose you have not read history. Assuming that you have, will you point out a single despotism that ever reared itself upon the necks of an enslaved people, which had not for its foundation stone this very same doctrine, that governmental affairs should be left to "experts?" And is there anything in all history to lead us to suppose that the characteristics of the breed are not the same everywhere, whether in Europe, the Orient or in the United States? True they are called in monarchical countries king, clergy and nobility, while here they are called financiers. True, too, you have not yet reached the stage which attaches to our "experts" the divine right, but if this country could be cursed with another four years of your administration, the rapidity with which your evolution has already progressed justifies the belief that you would reach even this culmination.

Fortunately for the American people, we have already had ample proof that our "experts" are true to the instincts of the breed. Let me cite a few:

1.—There was not long since published in Chicago the following certificate of the auditor of the state of Illinois:

"I, David Gore, auditor of public accounts of the state of Illinois, do hereby certify that the statement of property assessed in Cook county for the year 1894, filed in this office in pursuance of law, shows among other personal property assessed in said Cook county for the year A. D. 1894, the following, viz: Agricultural tools, implements and machinery, \$84,392; money of bankers, brokers, etc., \$43,925; credits of banks, bankers, brokers, etc., \$10,000. The above items show all the property assessed under the headings herein set forth.

"Witness my hand and official seal.

"DAVID GORE.

"Auditor of Public Accounts."

Will you not admit, Mr. Cleveland, that these Chicago "experts" have shown the expert shrewdness natural to their class in their forcing the farmers of Cook county to pay not only their own share of taxes, but about nineteen-twentieths of that of these "experts?"

And does it not make you blush, Mr. Cleveland, to learn that these "experts," upon whose testimony you would have the people to so implicitly rely, have said (presumably under oath, too,) that in all the hundreds of banks and other financial institutions of the great city of Chicago with its two millions of people, and hundreds of millions of wealth, there are only a little over \$40,000 in money?

You can not too quickly recall and act upon the old Latin adage—*nocus noscitur*.

2.—Last spring, as I can attest, a gentleman in company with an Englishman, visited on business a large legal firm on Wall street, New York. One of the firm (and he would pass as an "expert" of the first water) twitted the Englishman upon his country having an income tax, while our supreme court had just decided that our country could not have one. The Englishman replied: "Yes, we make the wealth of our country pay its taxes, while you make the poor pay them." (Alluding to the tariff taxes as well as the supreme court decision.) The lawyer quickly retorted: "They ought to pay them. They have their children educated by the wealth of the country; they have high wages paid them by the wealth," etc.

It would open up an interesting psychological inquiry to ascertain whether this particular "expert" has not already reached the stage when he is ready to assert the "divine right" of law-created wealth to plunder the poor.

3.—When you were about to put upon

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

the property of the people a \$100,000,000 mortgage last winter, acting upon your advice to the people, you called into your councils certain "experts," Messrs. Morgan, Belmont, Rothschilds & Co., to advise you. You accepted this advice (we are bound in the absence of proof to the contrary, to admit, honestly, even if we are forced to do so at the expense of your sanity,) and they pocketed about \$11,000,000 of the people's money as the price of their "expert" advice.

4.—When about to put upon the people another mortgage a few weeks since you called to your councils one of these same "experts," Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and the newspapers of New York say he has on file in your office two letters, one advising you to sell bonds at 104 and another offering himself to buy these same bonds, in competition, at about \$7,000,000 more than he advised you to take.

5.—It was under the advice of "experts" that our government issued her first bonds, sold them to the same "experts" for greenbacks depreciated to 40 cents on the dollar, and afterwards, instead of paying them in the same kind of currency with which they were bought, they were made by "expert" advised law payable in coin in violation of their contract with the taxpayers and at their expense. By this one act, these "experts" plundered the people of about \$600,000,000 and when the people complain they are denounced as the thieves and the dishonest knaves, who would rob their creditors.

6.—Not satisfied with the amount of plunder these same "experts" procured the establishment of the national banking system, under which one of these "experts" with \$40,000 in gold could purchase \$100,000 worth of bonds, receive 6 per cent interest in gold on them and have donated to him \$90,000 of currency by the government to be loaned out on his own private account, thus increasing his wealth 375 per cent, not by honest toil, but by "expert" legislation.

7.—It was under the advice of these same "experts" and by means of the same kind of corrupt law that they afterwards again doubled their wealth by curtailing the supply of metallic money by one-half in 1873, thus increasing their wealth 850 per cent by sheer legislation from 1864 to 1873.

8.—"Experts," who are so fruitful of excuses, calmly tell the people that the existing condition of low prices and appreciating money and debts are the result of overproduction.

Of course, we must admit that "experts" really believe this, for they are accustomed to believe anything, however false or foolish, which is to their interests to believe. But the census reports brand this another falsehood.

In the state of Illinois alone the farmers and laborers have suffered a loss during the last decade of an amount equal to the growth of her cities plus \$59,000,000, and during the last year, from 1893 to 1894, of \$24,000,000, a total loss of \$583,000,000.

Need I tell you that this means that they are unable to purchase or consume goods by this large amount in one "single" state. If you curtail demand you necessarily curtail supply, for nobody will produce if they can not sell. If you curtail supply you necessarily curtail labor and machinery engaged in making this supply. So your Coxey armies of tramps and your smokeless factories are logical, necessary, inevitable results of the "expert" legislation of the past 25 years.

Have ever king, clergy and nobility in Europe or the Orient plundered a people more ruthlessly (however much more extensively) under the guise of law, than our own "experts" to whose tender care you so considerably commend the American people?

Mr. Cleveland, you and your "expert" associates labor under the mistake that you can "fool the people all the time." Your mistake would be ludicrous if it were not pregnant with such evil portent—a portent I forbear to discuss because I shudder to contemplate.

But, Mr. Cleveland, a parting word of admonition. You and the holders of these stolen millions—none the less stolen because wrung from a patient people under the forms of law—would do well not to forget that lesson of history, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." I am, with great respect for your office,

W. M. FISHBACK.

Ft. Smith, Ark., March 31, 1896.

THE HERALD is only \$1 a year

BICYCLE RIDE FOR LIFE.

I intended to break the record, as the slang phrase goes—no very difficult matter, I reflected, so far as a Canadian winter record on the bicycle was concerned. To do so, however, required judgment. I knew I had the long rise into the forest before me and I must reserve my strength for that. I went steadily on.

I had crossed the level at last, and I knew I had done well. The light was bright enough to see the time, but I decided to wait till I entered the forest. It was no longer quite so easy to keep the bicycle up to speed. There was more effort in the pressure on the pedals, a little more sensation in the muscles of the legs as I did so. I looked round. Yes, I had already made a rise of a good many feet. The slope was regular, but not steep enough to greatly reduce my speed. As I went I glanced from side to side—for I was conscious of the oppressive solitude of the forest; but my pace was not retarded for a moment. One of the sleighing party had been talking of wolves. The winter, it seemed, had been an early one, and it certainly had been severe. The wolves, he had said, had been showing in packs not 20 miles to the north. There was not a sound but the low crisp crunch of the snow under the wheels of my machine, and even that seemed hushed and distant. Yet what was that? Was it fancy, or did I hear something shrill, piercing, yet faint, in the far distance on my right hand? Surely there was something—if it was only the wail of a distant gust of wind moaning through the frozen pines! I bent over the bicycle and concentrated my energies upon facing the long ascent. There it was again! It was no wail of the northern wind—no swaying of the frozen forest. It was the cry of a living thing. It was nature's savage complaint against the pangs of hunger!

On and on we flew. There was not a breath of wind to stir the lightest snowflake on the tenderest spray, yet my hair was blown back from my brow, where great drops of perspiration now gathered and began to trickle down my face. On and on! without a thought but that of pressing forward, without a hope but that of reaching the descent of the slope, and the edge of the forest. And as I went I knew that I was followed. From the dim arcades on my right came from time to time a short gasping howl, cut short in the moment of utterance by the exertions of the chase. They had seen me, and now they were in full cry. It was a race for bare life. I leant forward, and threw every energy I possessed into the one effort to press on. The trees flitted past me like ghosts. The long hanging boughs nearly brushed my face as I swept past. The cold air blew in my face and carried even the heavy fur of my coat behind me as I rushed through the night. And yet my pursuers did not lose ground. On the contrary, they were gaining. Not quickly, not with a rush; but slowly, foot by foot, with a certainty that was deadly; with a monotony that was ghastly beyond expression. I clenched my teeth with fierce determination. I kept my eyes fixed on the line of light that stretched on and on in front, as if it would never end!

The strain was telling on me now. There was a wild buzzing in my head.



QUICK AS THOUGHT I FIRED

there was a weary feeling growing in my limbs, there was a despairing sense of the uselessness of effort growing stronger in my mind. At any rate it was now that for the first time I saw something of my savage pursuers. There was a shadow on my right—only a shadow, but no longer the shadow of a tree or branch. It was a head—a long sharp muzzle—the mouth open, the lower jaw hanging, the ears erect! It crept on. Little by little it gained on me—an inch—only an inch at a time, but always an inch more! This shadow became a horror to me. At last! The long, straight road made a curve to the right. Not a sharp curve, but enough to bring me to closer quarters with my snarling pursuer. In a moment as I pressed upon the handles and followed the sweep of the road he was upon me. In a moment the shadow had given place to the substance—with a long, panting, snarling growl a huge wolf was by my side. He was old, for I could see that his hair was gray as it showed in the moonlight. His huge mouth was wide open, showing a row of formidable fangs, and his long, red tongue hung from his slavering jaws. Two eyes that glowed like red coals

gleamed from beneath the thickly matted hair that hung over his face. There was a look of exhaustion about him that for the moment increased the horror of his appearance. Involuntarily I swerved as he sprang, and his great jaws came together with a snap not an inch from my knee. His leap had cost him something in speed, and he fell back quite half a yard before he recovered. The sight of him had done me good. The horror of his look was a change from the gathering horror of his pursuing shadow, and the change aroused me. My hand went instinctively to the handle of my revolver. The familiar touch seemed to reassure me. I drew it from my belt. I weighed it in my hand so as to grow accustomed to it. I dared not turn in my seat, and yet I must get a shot at the grizzled leader of the pack.

Insensibly I slackened my pace for a second or two; insensibly the huge head crept up once more to my hind wheel, to my foot, a little in front of my foot! Once more he was gathering himself together for a spring. Once more his bloodshot, hungry eyes were turned toward me as he kept up his long leaping gallop. It was the moment. Quick as thought I fired. The ball struck him—struck him, I think.



DOWN THE LONG SLOPE WE RUSHED.

on the shoulder, for with one fierce snarl, that seemed to express pain, disappointment and terror all in one, he rolled over in a heap almost against the rushing wheel of my bicycle. There was a pause in the chase. Once more I turned to the track. Once more I concentrated every energy to increase the distance between myself and my relentless pursuers. The welcome respite was but a short one. My head swam dizzily with my exertions; my brain reeled with the long and fierce excitement; my limbs grew numb and heavy under the desperate strain. Thank God! I was on the downward slope. Thank God! there was at last a prospect of escape. The descent made itself quickly felt. Exhausted as I had been, I couldn't have kept it up much longer, and I would have been overtaken. Down the long, smooth slope we rushed at a pace that was momentarily increasing. I looked behind me once more. The wolves were following still, but they were growing exhausted. I glanced at the ascent beyond the bridge; I glanced at the laboring pursuers behind me—I could do it still. I dashed at the bridge. I was across, and now the ascent began. I bent over the bicycle, I forced my weary limbs to exert themselves once more. For fully a hundred yards the ascent was steep, and the exertion was terrible. Slower and slower I seemed to go with each moment. The perspiration poured from my face, my legs and ankles burned as if steeped in liquid fire. I clenched my teeth and gripped the handles as if for bare life, and at each slow turn of the wheel I seemed to hear the panting of the wolves behind me.

At last I did it! At the top of the slope I turned and looked behind me. The moonlight shone white on the gray leader as he bounded on to the bridge; two others followed him closely, the rest were scattered behind them on the road. Not one had as yet abandoned the chase—not one had yet given up hopes of the prey. I drew my revolver from my belt once more. I rested the barrel for a moment in the handle of the machine. As the leader neared my end of the bridge I turned and fired. I hit him. With a sharp howl he sprang into the air and fell half across the parapet, then he turned over and I could see his body glance whitely as he plunged into the river below. Exhausted as I was, I found that I could make an effort still. I could hear nothing of the wolves, but yet for aught I knew they might be following still. Imagination supplied the place of my dulled senses, and I could fancy I heard their panting behind me—I could even imagine the sharp scuffling of their feet on the snow. Suddenly a broad stream of light fell across the road. There was a sound of voices which sounded strangely far away; there were the figures of men, though they looked like the men we see in dreams. My bicycle swept on, but I could no longer control it. Everything swam before my eyes, my limbs refused to move any longer—I felt that I was falling—falling—and I was caught in Dr. Jackson's strong arms.—Scribner's Magazine.

—In arctic countries a great deal of oily or fatty food is a necessity. Arctic explorers soon learn to drink train oil and eat seal blubber with avidity.

THE DO-NOTHING CONGRESS.

Trade and Industry Checked by the Stagnant Republicans.

The American Textile Journal has compiled the replies to 1,500 inquiries sent to manufacturers of wool. The replies show a few mills closed, a few working on short time, but a large majority open and running on full time. The statistics refute the calamity howl that has recently been raised about the woolen industry. There is no evidence of the cyclone that Senator Hawley said had struck the woolen industry, although the depression in the business is apparent. In the woolen cloth mills 11,508 out of 16,572 looms are in operation. In dress goods 1,933 out of 3,011 looms are in operation. In carpets, 1,802 out of 2,296 looms are going. In blankets and flannels 1,299 out of 1,462 looms are in operation.

In carpets and flannels the proportion of idle looms is less than the proportion in dress goods and cloth. It is worthy of attention that this condition of affairs has come about since the meeting of the republican congress. Prior to the assembling of congress the woolen industry in this country was especially active. In the year 1895 over 200,000,000 pounds of imported wool was used in American mills, more than in the preceding year under the McKinley law. The first year of the Wilson law saw more wool consumed by the American mills than ever before. The unemployed were absorbed from the highways, and set to work in wealth-producing industry. More American goods were made by American workmen than ever before. There had been many wage advances and the tendency was to higher rates.

A POLITICAL FLOOD.



Gentlemen in the Water—"Go on with your darned old ark. This isn't going to be much of a shower anyway."—Chicago Journal.

The meeting of the republican congress checked this condition of prosperity. Business became dull. The threat of a ripping up of the tariff by the houses, and the threat of a free silver bill by the senate made the trade cautious and made capital extremely shy. The lack of demand for goods was felt by the manufacturers. Business suffers from the threats of disturbance. If looms are idle, and if there is a random-mouth business done in woollens, the responsibility for it should not be misplaced. The people should not forget the part played by the blustering, wrangling, threatening congress. The longer congress is in session the more unfavorable are the business reports. Congress is a menace to business. It is incompetent to do good. Its capacity for doing harm is unlimited.—Utica Observer.

SOME STAKES FOR REPUBLICANS

Jobs That the Protection Barons Are Trying to Put Through.

The Republic's Washington correspondent indicates some of the big stakes in republican success this year for a few favored individuals.

The biggest stake, of course, will be swept in by the tariff barons, who are confidently expecting a return of the halcyon days of tariff robbery. They are prepared to make heavy investment in slush funds to be returned in protection fat.

But in addition to this general squeeze of the people, there are several special grabs in hand. C. P. Huntington is getting his Pacific railroad legislation in shape to throw the burdens of the roads on the people and to keep the plunder and the profits in the pockets of himself and his associates. Warner Miller is waiting for a republican administration that he may get \$100,000,000 for his Nicaragua canal. Matt Quay is nursing a \$360,000,000 canal job against the coming of a republican congress and president.

These are samples of the jobs the republican looters are preparing for a "wide open" republican administration. If the republicans can slip into full power on a democratic quarrel there will be fine fleecing of the people for the party's beneficiaries.—St. Louis Republic.

—Mark Hanna says that Platt and Quay are the merest political babies. We think that Mark has the right to say so. He outried the whole lot.—Utica Observer.

NO DOUBLE DEALING.

Mr. Carlisle's Manly Example to the Dodging Republicans.

Mr. Carlisle refuses to make a contest for the nomination. In assuming this attitude he shows that respect for the presidency and for himself that ought to be characteristic of every man deemed worthy to be a presidential candidate, but which is now so foreign to our leading politicians that, because the secretary of the treasury refuses to announce that he is "in the fight, and in to stay," some newspapers at once interpret the letter to mean that he declines the nomination in advance. Mr. Carlisle simply says that he will not contest for delegates, that he will remain at Washington and perform his public duties, and that he cannot approve of any platform that does not take sound positions on the money and the tariff questions. In other words, Mr. Carlisle will not accept a nomination on a platform containing an unsound or a double-dealing currency plank. He will stand on the record of his public services. If he is to be a candidate, his nomination must be an endorsement of those services, and the party must express that in its platform.

This is a declaration of principle that revives faith in the future of the republic, especially as it comes at a time when the leading candidates of the republican party do not dare to utter an opinion on the most important question that will be discussed in the coming campaign. Mr. Carlisle has rendered a real service to the country in insisting that his party shall declare for sound money if he is to be its candidate. No republican candidate except Mr. Morton would do this; at least no one of

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—His Significant Statement.—"Johnny, were you ever whipped at school?" "Only by the teacher."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Watterson.—"Isn't your piano frightfully out of tune?" "Oh, no; my daughter is just playing a little thing of Wagner's now."—Somerville Journal.

—Sator.—"Couldn't the mashed potatoes which are served to me in the play as ice cream be made a little more palatable?" Manager—"That will depend on the box-office sales."—Fliegende Blätter.

—Sweet Charity.—Johnny—"Please, father, let me have a sixpence to give to a poor, lame man." Father—"Who is the poor, lame man, Johnny?" Johnny—"Er—well, father, he happens to be the doorkeeper at the circus."—Tit-Bits.

—"I do not see," she said, with great severity, "how it would be possible to add to the unsightliness of bloomers." And the little wheelwoman contented herself with innocently remarking: "Perhaps you are prejudiced. Did you ever try them on?"—Washington Star.

—"Say," said the ailinging magnate of trade, "that poster is all right. Man would know the minute he looks at it what it is meant to advertise." And he handed the artist a check of four figures and went his way. The artist sighed. "So it is perfectly intelligible, is it?" he said unto himself. "Ah, well; better men than I have at times sacrificed art to their necessities."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A SULTAN'S DUAL NATURE.

Sometimes His Better and Sometimes His Worse Nature Prevailed.

The two heroes of this tale, one the original Ancient Mariner of the "Arabian Nights," and the other a bright African lad, discover the city of New Baghdad hidden away in New England. The following is one of their experiences with its ruler, as recounted in the April number of the magazine:

"I thought you'd never be done," said Selim in a whisper to his prisoners, as he escorted them from the courtyard. "I never knew the sultan to be so talkative before; usually he's a man of very few words. What in the world were you talking about, anyway?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," replied Sindbad, evasively. "And now," he added, quickly, "please tell me one thing: What did the grand vizier mean when he told the sultan that his better nature was coming back?"

"Didn't you understand that? Why, our sultan has two separate and distinct natures—one of them very, very bad, and the other, which comes on only once in a while, very good. The former we call his bad nature, the latter his better nature. Oh, how we do dread the coming of that better nature!"

"Why, I should think you'd be glad," said Tom. "Isn't he very ugly when his bad nature is on?"

"Usually he is," answered Selim. "But we can stand that better than the freaks in which his better nature leads him to indulge. Why, when that better nature of his is ruling him we can get a man convicted of any crime, he is so merciful. Life and property are imperiled. Two or three times he has emptied the prisons while under the baleful influence of his better nature, and turned loose all sorts of dreadful characters."

"How soon do you think another attack of his better nature is due?" asked Sindbad, anxiously.

"Oh, we can never tell; sometimes he has two or three a month, and then again a year will elapse without his having one. As he had a real bad spell of it only last month, I think something ought to be done for him; he might be vaccinated, or something of that sort, but I'm not a medical man, and I really couldn't undertake to prescribe for him. He feels as unhappy about it as anyone else, but he can't help it; so you see, we haven't the heart to blame him. But here we are at prison."—Albert Stearns, in St. Nicholas.

Distressing.

Genial old Isank Walton himself is not a keener fisherman's instinct than was possessed by old Zimri Skilling who flourished in a western state good many years ago. One day Zimri took his rod and line and "wums," as he called them, and started off for a few days' fishing trip. He had been good but one day when his poor old wife died unexpectedly, and a neighbor hastened off in pursuit of Zimri. He was found silently but profoundly happy, with his line cast in the Clammon river. He turned pale and was first speechless when told of his loss. "It's too bad, Zimri," said the sympathetic neighbor, whereupon Zimri's voice enough to say: "Wal, I sh'd so—with the pick'el bitin' ez I've seen 'em bite for a year!" and he got down another sob.—Detroit Free Press.

Bucolic Superstitions.

There are plenty of farmers who 100 miles of New York who will not their hogs in a waning moon lest their pork shrink in the cooking, and the same farmers refuse to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon. The sun should never shine in the south of New York, and the those parts are gathered by August unless the date fall on Sunday, the 30th is chosen.—N. Y. Sun.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE CARE OF MILK.

How to Destroy Bacteria by Means of Disinfecting Substances.

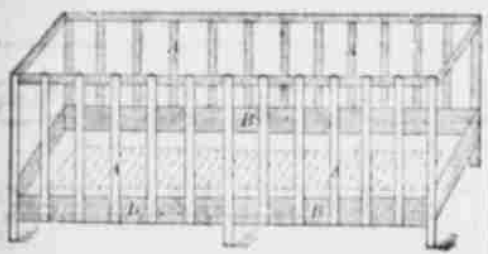
In regard to the destruction of bacteria injurious to milk, a writer says that we can use a number of disinfecting substances, such as fumes of sulphur and milk of lime. Before they are used the stables should be thoroughly cleaned. After removal of the animals all dirt should be removed, and floor, walls and ceilings should be thoroughly scraped with brush and water. If we use sulphur as a disinfectant, all openings must be closed, and all cracks should be papered. To kill all bacteria we need from 50 to 60 grams per cubic meter. This is based upon experiments in the laboratory, but in practice it has been found that ten grams per cubic meter will give good results. The sulphur, broken in small pieces, is ignited upon an iron pan; the doors are then kept closed for at least 12 to 14 hours, when the stable can be used again, after being ventilated with a strong draught of air. During this time the animals, and chiefly their legs and feet, should be brushed with water containing soda. The clothing of the milkers must be cleaned, and all utensils used for milk should be scrubbed with boiling hot water, or should be thoroughly steamed. Bacteria can also be killed by washing the walls, floors and ceilings with concentrated milk of lime. This is made by slaking lime with little water, to which is added an equal amount of water, which makes a 50 per cent. milk of lime.

SPLENDID FEED RACK.

It Has Been Used for a Number of Years with Good Results.

To feed hay to stock without waste, simple as the problem seems, is not an easy matter. Where stanchions are used the waste is little, but for stock running loose some other device is necessary. A feed rack I have used for a number of years has been found to answer quite well, and it may be placed out in the feed lot or under shelter, as desired. It is suitable for either hay or grain, and is well shown in the accompanying cut. The slabs (A A) are fastened above the manger (or feeding box), at such distances apart as to allow the animals to readily poke their heads in, the rack being placed just high enough for their convenience. A pole (not shown in cut), placed full length, for the breasts of cattle to push against is a desirable addition. For sheep the space between the slats should be eight inches.

The sides of the manger (B B) should be 14 inches high for cattle, and for sheep about six inches. For feeding grain, construct the manger floor higher in the center than at the sides. A slop-



FEED RACK FOR LOOSE CATTLE.

ing floor is the ideal, but it is not so easily made as the raised central platform shown in the cut, and which answers very well. Run two by four studs lengthwise, say 12 inches from each side. Then floor the space between these two by four pieces crosswise with short stuff, which done, you will have a trough one foot wide running around the four sides of the rack. For cattle build the rack six feet wide and six feet high.

This is a much more economical rack than the common V-shaped affair, which, besides being very wasteful, is open to the objection that stock often get trash in their eyes when reaching up to it for feed.—G. W. Waters, in St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

Tread Mills on the Farm.

The tread mill powers are coming largely into use on farms for cutting feed, threshing grain, grinding grain, sawing wood, pumping water, etc. Those who have used them, and particularly used those that have been improved and perfected in the last few years, commend their convenience, cheapness, simplicity and safety. If every barn was supplied with one of the most of farmers would be independent of the large machines, and could do all their work within themselves and without extra cost or trouble. Those who use them say it rightly set and managed they are not horse killers, and work on them is no more exhausting than any other kind of farm work. It is well in buying the powers to get them large enough for three horses, for if all the power is not needed they can be worked by one or two horses. Everything depends on the amount of power required.—Colman's Rural World.

Wide Tires in New York.

A bill is before the assembly in that state which provides that at a date not later than January 1, 1900, all wagons must have tires proportioned to the load to be carried, and providing that a bonus be paid to the owner of any wagon who will widen his tires before the law compels it. "The sum of \$40,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary" is provided for in the bill, and is to be taken from the state treasury.

IMPROVED HOTBED.

Description of a Very Simple and Effective Forcing Pit.

One great objection to the ordinary style of hotbed is that a person is compelled to withhold examinations for days in cold, stormy weather, whereas, with the forcing pit bright weather or stormy one can care for and examine the plants when they require attention.

AA are seed beds, which are six inches deep, 4 1/2 feet wide. BB are manure pits, 4 1/2 feet wide, three feet two inches deep. C is the aisle, which is 1 1/2 feet wide. DD are sashes three by six feet. The height from bottom of aisle to apex of roof is 6 1/2 feet.

First the pit is dug the length required, according to the number of sashes used, 11 feet wide and three feet eight inches deep; then the boards that separate the aisle from the pit are put in; they are to be cut 3 1/2 feet long, then boards six inches wide are set



on their edge lengthwise of the pit for the bottom rest of the sashes; then the ends are put on and the top scantling or top rests for the sashes. The manure is then put in and the sashes put on (three feet by six feet sashes are used), and fitted as tight as possible. Then at the end that is selected as the entrance a door is built; such as used in the ordinary double cellar door. The seed beds are next to go in, and are ready to plant as soon as the temperature has subsided to the right degree.

Such a pit can be used for growing radishes, onions, lettuce and other vegetables, and for starting seeds of cabbage, cauliflower, egg plants, tomato, pepper, sweet corn, melons, cucumbers.

For such seed as corn, cucumbers and melons, which are difficult to transplant, seed may be sown in pieces of sod two inches square, on the root side, and when it is time to transplant the sod is lifted out and put in the desired place; they are better than the small flower pots, as they retain moisture longer.—Daniel P. Mahony, in Western Rural.

MACADAMIZED ROADS.

Official Data Which May Be of Interest to County Officials.

We have frequent letters asking for figures on the cost of building macadam roads. It is impossible to offer any figures which would be of any practical use without knowing all about the local conditions, the kind of stone available, the distance it must be hauled, the nature of the soil, the condition of the present road, etc., not to mention the important question of how wide the road is to be built and how thick.

The following general facts may be of use: Where the soil is hard and up to proper grade with suitable stone close at hand without quarrying, a good "15-foot" road may be made for anywhere from \$800 to \$1,500 per mile. The conditions must be favorable, however, to get the work well done at this price. Much of the macadam road being built costs more than double this amount. The Telford road, or more properly a macadam road with a telford foundation, costs with ten inches of telford and six inches of macadam about \$1,000 per mile for each foot in width. We submit the following figures which are actual cost of building a mile of new street in the Back Bay district of Boston. These figures are given to Good Roads by Henry Manley, assistant engineer:

4,220 cubic yards sub-grading	\$0.37	\$1,603.50
18,261 square yards Telford		
base, furnished and placed.	0.67	12,371.30
10,260 square yards Macadam,		
furnished and placed.	49	9,486.40
4,582 square yards granite blk		
gutter, furnished and placed.	2.96	9,428.32
8,740 linear feet edgestone,		
furnished and set.	87	8,773.80
9,847 square yards brick		
sidewalk, furnished and laid.	95	9,449.35
561 square yards flagging, fur-		
nished and laid.	3.85	3,276.25
Connecting new street with		
old streets.	288	74
Total.....		\$35,068.56

A Silo for Six Cows.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman having asked about the expediency of building a silo for six cows, received the reply that it will depend upon circumstances, and that if he is apt to have "catching weather" in haying, or expects to depend upon feeding rather than pasturing in summer, a silo will be found very convenient. The trouble would be that the pit would have to be very narrow, not more than eight feet in diameter. Two such pits, each 16 feet deep, would probably answer. Larger pits would expose more surface than six cows could keep eaten down so as to prevent waste.

The Gospel of Good Roads.

The mass of the people admit the importance of good roads and the certainty of its benefits, yet clinging to the old-time methods. Slowly the leaven of good work is making its way into the lump. Better roads are a necessity. The trend of the times is toward the permanent improvement of the public highways.—Southern Cultivator.

Now is a good time to prune the peach, cutting back the new growth of wood severely to secure good fruit.

INDIGESTION.

As a Result of It, There Were Many Disorders.

The Disease Will Create the Symptoms of Heart Disease, Kidney Disease, Etc.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith of 311 Pulaski Avenue, Brooklyn. With all the comforts that money affords, with all the happiness that many loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted for years by the terrible ravages of sickness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter: "I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one complaint and then with another. My case was truly that of a complication of diseases, due to an accident which I received some years ago. The thing which caused me the most discomfort and made me offensive to my family was the worst case of indigestion imaginable. I made all around me miserable by my sufferings, and was most miserable myself. I had the best physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return and I became desperate, and started in my remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills. Their appearance captivated me instantly, for I am a great believer in the beautiful. I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills regularly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills. We buy them all from the drug store of John Duray, at the corner of De Kalb and Summer Avenues. "I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitchen every day, do my own marketing and shopping; in a word, look after everything connected with my home and family.

"Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. I take one daily after dinner. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I verily believe one half of the women who are suffering from the ills which our sex are heir to would be up and well if they could be induced to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. I certainly recommend them heartily and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market."

Mrs. Smith is a woman of some means and standing in the community and, therefore, her testimony will be accepted without question by all thoughtful people. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

He (feeling his way to a knowledge of her accomplishments). "Can you darn stockings, Arabella?" She (with distant frigidity). "I don't expect to marry a man who needs to wear darned stockings."—Illustrated Bits.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Mamma, why do they call it the weather bureau?" "Because the top drawer is generally in such a frightful mess, I suppose."—Chicago Record.

A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. The removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

PAIRLEY and surrender mean the same thing where virtue is concerned.—Mme de Maintenon.

The useful and the beautiful are never separated.—Pericles.

A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.—Cavile.

HIS UNCLE DID IT.—"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?" "Oh, no, to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."—Detroit Free Press.

SOCRATES was esteemed the wisest man of his time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.—Tillotson.

Disorder in a drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a house maid is.—Russell.

SHE DROUGHT A VERY PERSONAL Of an entrancing nature; But dared not take it in the sun For fear that it would fade. —Washington Star.

RUNNING DOESN'T EXPRESS IT.—McCorkle.—"Isn't Trosport running and debt pretty lively?" "Not much." "Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly sprinting."—Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist hit the wall."—Boston Transcript.

LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.—"Jacques, how is it you never bring any good marks home from school?" "Oh, papa, there are a lot of us that when my turn comes there are none left."—La Famille.

"I SHALL apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog and he makes me work like a horse." "Well, then, you should make your complaint to the society for the protection of animals and not to the courts."—L'Illustration de France.

SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T.—Twynn—"I suppose you never heard of the Keeley motor." Triplett—"What makes you suppose that?" Twynn—"You are so fond of remarking 'Everything goes.'"

Free Attendant Service—The North-Western Line.

A new departure has been inaugurated at the Chicago passenger station of the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) which will be found a great convenience to the traveling public. A corps of uniformed attendants has been provided to render both incoming and outgoing passengers all necessary attention, directing them to carriages, omnibuses and street cars, carrying hand baggage, assisting persons in feeble health, and making themselves useful in every way in their power. The attendants wear blue uniforms and bright red caps, and the service is entirely free. The North-Western Line is the through-car route between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Sioux City, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Portland and many other important cities of the west and northwest.

Perit.—"What qualifies a man to be called a master of the fence?" "Well, monsieur, he may be very clever wize foils or he may be what you call a mugwump."—Brooklyn Life.

Firs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 961 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The act of worship is among all creation indigenous and peculiar to man.—Melville.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

A VICTORY is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—Shakespeare.

For your Protection

we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug. Nasal Catarrh is a local disease and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation. Heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. The balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 24 Warren Street, New York.



A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

Loss of opportunity is life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with

NEURALGIA 5 10 15 Years Years Years

When the opportunity lies in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL. It cures.



"Pass Your Plate."

Battle Ax PLUG

Prices of all commodities have been reduced except tobacco. "Battle Ax" is up to date. Low Price; High Grade; Delicious Flavor. For 10 cents you get almost twice as much "Battle Ax" as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

How it looks,

to the women who wash with Pearline (no soap), when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

Everything's in favor of Pearline (out with soap)—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money?



FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE.

25, 35, 45, 50, or 65 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.

UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

WE PAY cash WEEKLY and want men EVERYWHERE to sell GOLD (\$5,000.00) PLAT and ALL other

STARK Treas. Buil. FREE. No Money to Invest. No Risk. STARK BROS., Louisville, Ky., Export, Ill.

A. N. K.—E. 1892

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.
CHAS. E. HARRIS, Business Manager
and Associate Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY.....May 28, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce W. M. BECKNER, of Clark county, as a candidate for Congress, from the Tenth district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CARLISLE'S GHOST.

FEB. 2, 1878. * * * THE CONSPIRACY WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN FORMED HERE AND IN EUROPE TO DESTROY BY LEGISLATION AND OTHERWISE FROM THREE-SEVENTHS TO ONE-HALF THE METALLIC MONEY OF THE WORLD, IS THE MOST GIGANTIC OF THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE. * * * THE CONSUMMATION OF SUCH A SCHEME WOULD ULTIMATELY ENTAIL MORE MISERY UPON THE HUMAN RACE THAN ALL THE WARS, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE THAT EVER OCCURRED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—JOHN G. CARLISLE.

PURSUANT to a call by the state executive committee, the Democrats of Wolfe county are requested to meet at Campton on Saturday, May 30, at 2 o'clock p. m., in mass convention, for the purpose of sending delegates to the Democratic state convention, to be held at Lexington, June 3, to select delegates to attend the National Democratic convention at Chicago, July 7, 1896.

C. C. HANKS, Chairman.
J. R. CARROLL, Secretary.

A CARD.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF THE TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:

I am a candidate for Congress from this district. I am for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, regardless of international interference, and believe that the Democratic party can win on that issue. The limited time between now and the time of holding the district convention, and my limited finances, will preclude the possibility of my making an active canvass. Hence I appeal to the Free Silver Democrats throughout the district to give me their support and suffrage, and promise them that, should I be so fortunate as to receive the nomination, followed by an election, I will in all things have a watchful eye for the interests of the people of my district, attend strictly and soberly to the duties of the position, and make every effort in my power to prove a faithful servant of my people in bettering their condition and developing the resources of Eastern Kentucky. My record of eleven years, during which I have labored faithfully, is as an open book, printed in clear type, and upon it I go before the people.

Hoping I may secure your influence and support, I am,

Your obedient servant,

SPENCER COOPER.

THE Louisville Post, the most rampant and uncompromising of the single standard organs in this state, virtually concedes the success of the free silver element in the coming state convention.

THE Democratic party has it within its power to redeem the government from the goldites and shysters and save it from future Republican rule, but to do so they must take no middle ground—straddling will never bring success. A flat footed free silver platform, upon which the entire party can and will stand is its only salvation.

EVERY Free Silver Democrat in the Tenth congressional district should attend the mass convention of his county to be held on Saturday, the 30th inst., and see that the goldites do not play a grab game. If left to a vote of the Democrats in the district the free silver men have a vast majority, but this will avail them nothing unless they have representation in the mass convention of Saturday. Delegates

to the state convention are to be appointed on that day and it is most important that they be for free silver. Do not hesitate to go, if possible, as your action on that day may insure the election of a Democratic president at next election.

THE calling of the Beattyville convention for the 18th of next month was premature and without authority in the premises. Hon. Frank Hopkins, of Prestonsburg, Floyd county, as member of the state executive committee, is the only authority by which a convention can be announced, and, unless the date is called off and he names a date for a convention many of the Democrats in the district will ignore the action of the Beattyville convention, be it whatever it may. The Democratic party in this district is in no condition to create or invite a division in its ranks, and we therefore suggest that the Beattyville Democratic convention be declared off until after the national convention shall have been held. Then Mr. Hopkins, as chairman of the Democratic committee of this district, by reason of his office as a member of the state executive committee, can call a convention and the party nominate a man in accord with the platform of the Chicago convention. This is the wise course and the only one that will bring harmony. The people have a voice in this matter and they do not propose to sit silently by and be trampled upon.

What Free Coinage Means.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver means that neither the president nor his secretary of the treasury would be allowed to any longer boycott the four hundred and twenty-eight millions of standard silver dollars now in existence. The power that could reestablish silver coinage would compel the use of silver with gold in the redemption of greenbacks. This would do away with the false pretense that bonds must be sold with which to buy gold to redeem greenbacks. It would remove the constant menace by the gold gang that the legal tender quality shall be taken away from the vast amount of silver dollars now in existence. It would add enough to the money in circulation in the country each year to keep pace with the increase of population and the requirements for domestic exchanges. It would make all the silver bullion in the world worth just as much as though it were already coined into dollars. It would stop greenbacks from being presented from redemption at the treasury, because Heidelberg, Ickelheimer & Co., and the rest of the breed of gold speculators, would be offered silver when they demanded gold, and they would 'not want it. Free coinage would guarantee the stability of the currency. The grinding contraction now going on would cease. The borrowed surplus in the treasury of nearly \$200,000,000 would be expended in grand public improvements, including coast defenses, and thus be restored to circulation among the people. It would gradually raise the general level of prices. The production of wheat and other farm products would be resumed on the former scale. Manufacturers of every description would no longer engage in mere hand-to-mouth production, but would manufacture for the requirements of the coming year. This would give work to those now in distress, and would enable laboring people themselves to buy what they are now going without under the harsh compulsion of poverty. The commerce between forty-five states would be resumed; railroads would be taken out of the hands of receivers, because they could again earn interest on their debts, and expenses, and something more. The occupation of the panic maker would be gone. With free coinage would come a president and secretary of the treasury who would not spend half their time bawling to the world that their government is bankrupt and is compelled to sell its bonds at twenty per cent discount from the interest rates of the world to enrich favored syndicates for some unfathomable reason. Free coinage would stop the borrowing of money in times of peace for the purpose of obtaining gold with which to pay obligations not payable in gold.

In brief, free coinage would mean a back seat for syndicates and their official instruments—a back seat for the bears of the New York stock market, and for the pawnbrokers throughout the country. It would mean that money would be more profitable when invested in business enterprises than when laid away in a napkin to breed upon itself. It would mean fair play among men, and only one hundred cents on the dollar in the payment of debts.

And free coinage is coming unless bribery and corruption are stronger in the land than the honest expression of the people's will.—Cincinnati E. quier.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HAGGOTT COUNTY.

Hendricks Hastings.

Ambrose Arnett, of this place, is rather puny at present.

D. M. Kinnaird and wife were guests of J. W. Barnett Sunday.

Born, to the wife of Dudley M. Arnett, of this place, an 8-pound girl.

John M. Dunn, of Eugene, was a guest of Dudley Arnett Friday night.

A. B. Patrick and R. C. Minnix returned from Covington Friday.

Geo. W. Adams, was a guest of Miss Susie Hoskins Saturday and Sunday.

Jno. P. Salyer, Galen Arnett and Lark Arnett were guests of Leander Risner Wednesday.

Jeff Prater and wife, Emma Rowland, D. C. Patrick and others were guests of Judge May Sunday.

Born, to the wife of B. K. Arnett, of this place, a 10-pound baby boy. Ben seems to be well pleased.

Branch W. Higgins, H. G. Arnett, Andrew Howard, E. B. Arnett and Dudley Arnett were guests of Calloway Howard Sunday night.

Mrs. Dudley Anderson, of Ezel, and Mrs. Rush Anderson, of Lee City, are visiting their father, C. W. Patrick, who is dangerously ill.

Charles Arnett, Lula Howard, James G. Arnett, Willie May, Enoch Vanderpool and wife, Louis Hoskins and Dudley Arnett were guests of J. B. Hoskins on Sunday.

We were blessed with some good speakers Monday, the 11th inst., to-wit: W. M. Beckner, of Winchester, and Thos. Fitzpatrick, of Prestonsburg Democratic candidates, and W. J. Seitz, Republican candidate for congress. From what Mr. Seitz said he feels certain of the nomination, and if so, is confident of being the next congressman from this district. May 18. CORRESPONDENT.

Money Made in a Minute.

I have not made less than sixteen dollars any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Any one should make from five to eight dollars a day selling cream, and from seven to ten dollars selling freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Anyone can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister makes from ten to fifteen dollars a day. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere, as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish they will hire you on a salary.

During three days last week and Monday of this week, J. Howard Wilson and Kiser Wilson, who have been visiting in this neighborhood, killed 101 squirrels, three rabbits and a pheasant. Sunday they attended a Baptist meeting and listened to the gospel as expounded by Uncle Bill Davis, so that they return to their homes at Mt. Sterling recuperated in body and decidedly of a better religious cast than when they came here.

That young Hibernian, Charles O'Connell, who claims that French blue blood courses through his veins, together with a Mr. Taylor will next week begin publishing a daily paper at Mt. Sterling to be called the Free Lance. One of the prime features and a factor that will make it a favorite with all of Erin's sons will be a column of paragraphs under the heading of "Potato Peelings."

GREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. But Bring the Cash With You When You Come! One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at \$7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at \$4.99, and worth \$10 and \$12, at \$3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at \$2, worth \$5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

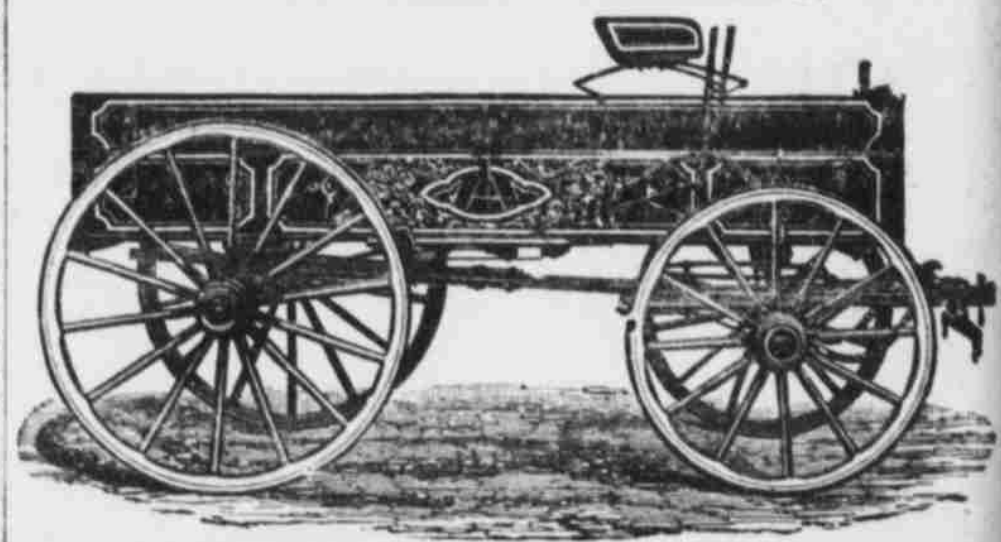
LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

ROSE & DAVIS

—PRACTICAL—

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,
HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

PIERATT'S

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

H. F. PIERATT, Proprietor.



IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY HOUSE.

Special care taken of teams for Commercial Travelers. Parties conveyed to any point on liberal terms. Patronage of the public respectfully solicited. H. F. PIERATT.

Bowling Green Business College
THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, and Commercial Law.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS.
RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.
CATALOGUE—JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Bect. Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

Tobacco setting is all the rage with farmers now.

The rains of the past week have made the farmers rejoice.

Bring in that corn you owe us. We need it now as much as in winter.

Don't wait until fall before you bring that wood. We need it now for cooking purposes.

G. C. Williams, Hazel Green, was a visitor here on Tuesday.—Clay City Chronicle.

The wife of Wiley Steele, of Morgan county, presented him with three boys on the 20th.

Dr. John Taulbee and W. H. Wilson leave this morning for Mt. Sterling on a business trip.

Courtney McGuire visited friends and relatives at St. Helens Sunday returning here on Monday.

Miss Esther Wilson, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting relatives and friends in and about Hazel Green.

It is said that blackberries will be plentiful in spite of the fact that we had no blackberry winter.

The annual meeting of the Kentucky educational association will be held at Newport June 23, 24 and 25.

Uncle Hiram Greer and wife, of Grassy, Morgan county, were in town Monday. Uncle Hiram is for free silver.

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

There was a big Baptist meeting at Salt Lick, in Morgan county, on Sunday last. Revs. Willis Lykins and Johnny Barker conducted the meeting.

Charley Stephens, of Mt. Sterling, representing the Mt. Sterling Gazette and the Sentinel-Democrat, was a guest of the Day House on Tuesday.

O. J. Burnett, who shot Dan Sid Davis at Rousseau a short time since, has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000, his employer, Floyd Day, going on the bond.

Read the ad. "Daily Hack Line" between Torrent and Hazel Green. J. T. Day has just started a daily hack between the two points that is destined to fill a long felt want.

Ed and Miss Sally French, of Stanton, attended the wedding of their brother, Morgan French, to Miss Minnie Mapel, and were guests of Mrs. Ellen Pieratt during their short sojourn in our city.

Our old friend, John Mason, of Montgomery county, who has been recuperating at Swango spring, together with a Mr. Morrison, left here on Wednesday morning for Morgan county, where they will spend a few days fishing.

White Patrick, an aged citizen of Magoffin county, died on Saturday evening last, after a lingering illness. He was the father-in-law of Raleigh Thompson, formerly of this place, and leaves quite a host of relatives to mourn his loss.

The little folks of our Sunday schools will be asked to take part in the opening services of our Sunday school convention by singing, "I've two little hands to work for Jesus." Superintendents please notice this. Remember place and date, Sandfield, June 20.

Henry Godsey, who was expected to deliver the address to the graduating class at Hazel Green Academy will be unavoidably prevented from so doing to the regret of himself and his many friends. His wife is quite sick at Danville, Ky., where she has been visiting, and Mr. Godsey is detained at her bedside.

Married—Sunday morning last, at the residence of the bride's uncle, J. H. Pieratt, in Hazel Green, Miss Minnie Mapel, of our town, and Morgan French, of Stanton, Powell county, Elder Wm. H. Cord performing the ceremony. This was the first marriage ever solemnized by Prof. Cord, but those in attendance say he did an exceedingly nice job for an amateur.

A Mr. Morgan, with Ewing, Portsmouth, Ohio; Col. Tom Turner, Mt. Sterling; Morgan French and Isom Farmer, Stanton; a Mr. Rice, with Power Grocery Co.; Albert Hoffman and wife, and Charley Stephens, Mt. Sterling; J. C. Lykins, Campton; Frank Havens, Grassy, and Deba Patrick, Salyersville, were guests of the Day House since our last issue.

Did You Ever Make Money Easy.
MR. EDITOR.—I have read how Mr. C. E. B. made so much money in the Dish Washer business and think I have beat him. I am very young yet and have had little experience in selling goods, but have made over eight hundred dollars in ten weeks selling Dish Washers. It is simply wonderful how easy it is to sell them. All you have to do is to show the ladies how they work and they can not help but buy one. For the benefit of others I will state that I got my start from the Meand City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis Mo. Write to them and they will send you full particulars.
I think I can clear over \$3,000 the coming year, and I am not going to let the opportunity pass. Try it and publish your success for the benefit of others.
J. F. C.

Academy Commencement.
Elder Hugh McLellan, of Shelbyville, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, May 31.
He will also address the two Endeavor societies on Sunday evening.
On Monday evening, June 1, the two societies, Haut et Ben and Utile Dulci, will give an entertainment.
On Tuesday morning, June 2, will be the final session.
On Tuesday afternoon will be the annual reunion of pupils, patrons and friends.
On Tuesday, at 8 p. m., the declamatory contests, one by the young women, the other by the young men.
On Wednesday, at 10 a. m., the commencement program will be given. The five graduates will speak, and Henry L. Godsey, of Washington, D. C., will deliver the address to the class.
On Monday and Tuesday evenings an admission fee of ten cents each will be charged every one, except pupils in attendance.

Perfect Wisdom.
Would give us perfect health. Because men and women are not perfectly wise, they must take medicines to keep themselves perfectly healthy. Pure, rich blood is the basis of good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It gives good health because it builds upon the true foundation—pure blood.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

Deputy U. S. Marshal W. A. Byrd passed through here Monday evening en route to Goodloe, in Magoffin county, where he will meet with twenty other revenue officers under command of Chief Deputy Gates and make a two weeks' raid in the Sandy valley.

To The Public.
Having disposed of my stock of merchandise and retired from business, I desire all who are indebted to me by note, account or otherwise, to call and settle at once. I can be found at my old stand, so give this your immediate attention. Thankful for your past patronage, I am
Respectfully yours,
JOHN M. ROSE.
Hazel Green, May 5, 1896.

Elder J. T. Pieratt returned Monday evening from a trip to Menifee county much improved in health and reports that while there he held a meeting of ten days at Mt. Pleasant church on Stone quarry fork of Salt Lick, which resulted in 37 additions to the church. Bro. Pieratt speaks in the highest terms of the people of that section, as being among the most clever he ever had any dealings with. Great interest was manifested in the meeting just closed, and Elder Pieratt leaves again this morning to renew his labors at Upper Salt Lick in Bath county.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Jesse Halsey, a son of Harvey Halsey, of Clifty, in this county, was thrown from his horse Sunday morning near Goodwin's Chapel, and seriously, if not fatally injured. After he was thrown the horse stepped on, or kicked him in the head, and the attending physicians thought brain fever would set in.

WANTED—To trade a good top buggy, a combined bay mare, buggy harness, and a gold watch and chain for cattle or hogs.
SAM GREENWADE,
Hazel Green, Ky.

WANTED—A reliable lady or gentleman to distribute samples and make a house to house canvass for our Vegetable Toilet Soaps and Pure Flavored Extracts. \$40 to \$75 a month easily made. Address Crofts & Reed, Chicago, Ill. 5-9.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.
Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.
Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.
GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

WOLFE COUNTY.
Lane Locals.
Mrs. G. W. Tyra, who has been dangerously sick for some time, is better.
Joseph Cundiff, of Breathitt county, is studying law under Esq. J. N. Chambers.
Excuse me for not writing sooner, I have been busy in my canvass for matrimony.
Thos. C. Hollon is trying for the post office at Campton. I think Tom will be a Republican yet.
Jonathan Hollon has just returned from the Mt. Sterling stock market and reports the market dull.
Elder H. F. Dunagan, of Morgan county, passed through here en route to Lee county to hold a meeting.
Mrs. Boyd, aged 85 years, mother of Mrs. D. C. Miller, died at the home of her daughter on the 21st inst., where she had been living for many years.
The Hon. W. L. Gose has moved to Stillwater and is teaching a singing school there with 40 scholars. They have a parade every Saturday evening with life and drum music furnished by Jos. C. Chambers and Henry Hollon. They are preparing for a Fourth of July celebration, and if they are as successful as they have been in singing they will have a good time.
May 23. SHANGHAI.

MORGAN COUNTY.
Ezel Evolutions.
Born, to John Adams and wife, twins—a boy and girl.
Mrs. Gilly Pieratt, of Maytown, is visiting Eli Pieratt and wife.
Miles Nickell, of West Liberty, was here last week on business.
W. B. Lykins and wife attended the burial of their little niece here last Wednesday.
Mr. Dock Hicks and Mrs. Lillie Henry, of Frenchburg, were guests of S. D. Pieratt Saturday and Sunday.
George King and Mrs. Martha Simpson, of Harrison county, were here last week, guests of Robt. Woolery.
The remains of little Lillie Lykins, the 11-year old daughter of Raney Lykins, was brought from Omer to the cemetery here for interment. May the bereft family ever remember that better far is eleven years of purity and innocence than a "cycle of guilty lust," and to them is extended the sympathy of all.
May 24. ASA FRANK.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.			
STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Sundays only.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	10:00 am	6:50 pm	4:35 pm
Avon	9:31 am	6:24 pm	3:55 pm
Winchester	9:10 am	6:03 pm	3:25 pm
Fairlie	8:54 am	5:47 pm	2:00 pm
Indian Flds	8:37 am	5:31 pm	1:10 pm
Clay City	8:19 am	5:12 pm	11:40 am
Stanton	8:10 am	5:02 pm	11:20 am
Filson	7:55 am	4:47 pm	10:48 am
Dundee	7:43 am	4:32 pm	10:17 am
Nat. Bridge	7:38 am	4:27 pm	10:07 am
Torrent	7:24 am	4:14 pm	9:35 am
Beatty's Jc	7:03 am	3:52 pm	8:25 am
Three F's C	6:53 am	3:42 pm	8:00 am
Athol	6:32 am	3:21 pm	7:18 am
Elkatawa	6:08 am	2:58 pm	6:30 am
Jackson	6:00 am	2:50 pm	6:10 am

EAST BOUND.			
STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 4. Sundays only.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2:20 pm	7:45 am	6:30 am
Avon	2:47 pm	8:15 am	7:08 am
Winchester	3:07 pm	8:40 am	7:10 am
Fairlie	3:21 pm	8:54 am	8:54 am
Indian Flds	3:37 pm	9:10 am	9:24 am
Clay City	3:53 pm	9:28 am	11:45 am
Stanton	4:05 pm	9:38 am	12:10 pm
Filson	4:18 pm	9:51 am	12:41 pm
Dundee	4:32 pm	10:06 am	1:15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4:37 pm	10:12 am	1:26 pm
Torrent	4:51 pm	10:27 am	2:00 pm
Beatty's Jc	5:16 pm	10:51 am	3:05 pm
Three F's C	5:26 pm	11:01 am	3:25 pm
Athol	5:48 pm	11:22 am	4:12 pm
Elkatawa	6:12 pm	11:46 am	5:05 pm
Jackson	6:20 pm	11:55 am	5:20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
CHAR. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

T. C. JOHNSON, J. H. SWANGO,
Campton, Hazel Green.
JOHNSON & SWANGO,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

H. F. PIERATT

Will sell you

FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE,

At the following prices:
White Pearl Flour, \$2.20 per hundred.
Arbuckle Coffee, 20 cents a pound.
Granulated Sugar, 6 1-4 cts. a pound

All other goods in proportion. Come and see me. I will make you happy, and you will feel like life is worth living. I will sell you some of your goods or some other man will give them to you. This means a Cash transaction. Don't ask for credit.

Respectfully,
H. F. PIERATT.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY,

Normal : and : Preparatory : School.

Special courses in Bible, Short-hand and Typewriting, and Ornamental and Plain Drawing.

FULL COURSES SUSTAINED IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Expenses the Lowest. Discipline the Firmest. Instruction Thorough.

The next term of ten weeks begins MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1896. Special attention and work will be given to those who want to prepare for teaching. All the branches of the Common School Course will be reviewed. The regular courses will be kept up. Whole expense for the ten weeks—Board, tuition, matriculation and washing—is only \$28.

It will be a good time for teachers to review their school work for the coming year.

Send for Catalogue of Particulars.

Wm. H. CORD, Principal.
Hazel Green, Kentucky.

Daily Hack Line

BETWEEN TORRENT & HAZEL GREEN.

ONE HACK LEAVES EACH PLACE EVERY MORNING (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Two Livery Stables.

One at Torrent and one at Hazel Green, both of which are supplied with good stock and rigs for the accommodation of the traveling public. Special attention to the accommodation of commercial travelers, and parties conveyed to any point on reasonable terms. Soliciting the patronage of the public, I am, respectfully, etc.,

J. TAYLOR DAY.

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

Having sold my Stable I have gone into the

SADDLERY & HARNESS BUSINESS.

And ask the patronage of the community. I make and repair all kinds of Harness and Saddles, and my prices are as low as the lowest.

JOHN H. PIERATT.

Over-Profits Paying Stop it

Get our Great Catalogue and Buyers Guide. We'll send it for 15 cents in stamps to pay part postage or expressage. The Book's free. 700 Pages, 12,000 Illustrations, 4,000 descriptions, everything that's used in life; tells you what you ought to pay, whether you buy of us or not. One profit from maker to user. Get it.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
Originators of the Mail Order Method
211-215 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 16 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN.

ONE HEART.

I sometimes linger over the lot
Of friends I lost in other days,
And still the question with me stays:
"When I am gone shall I be missed?"
I doubt if others think the same—
Or even wish to share my thought—
That men were foolish who have sought
To leave a never-dying name.

When thou has run thy earthly race,
Thou wilt not leave a world in tears,
Nor wilt men come in after years
To view thine earthly resting-place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well,
Thy spirit will be no less free,
Although it is not thine to be
A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself, but Heaven thank do
If all the good that thou canst do
May be done that only few
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart
Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—
Ere it can say: "We meet again!"—
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,
Lest all thou caredest for on earth
Shall seem to have no lasting worth
And end forever in the grave.

One faithful heart beneath the sky,
In which to leave a seed of love,
To blossom in a world above
And bear a fruit which shall not die.

—C. J. Boden, in Chambers' Journal.

THE DUEL AT LAS SALINAS.

How Vaquero and Comanche
Fought for a Girl.

Her Father's Promise to the Indian Chief
Reputed by Her Lover, and the
Question Settled with Bow and
Musket and Lasso.

Don Mariano Delgado and his American friend, on their way to Las Salinas, rode to the edge of the mesa where it drops abruptly down to the lower levels. They were 40 miles east of the Rio Grande, and 50 or 60 miles from Albuquerque. There lay before them a wide plain which rose into low tablelands off to the south and east. Far to the northwest towered the bold, handsome contours of the Sandia mountains. Upon the plain, miles away from the foot of the mesa, two large circular spots shone dazzlingly white. Don Mariano pointed them out to his companion.

"They are the salinas," he said. "Now let us look for the wagons. They should be in sight by this time. Ah, there they are. They will get to loading by noon."

Three wagons, drawn each by four mules, came round a bend of the mesa at its foot, crawling along toward the white spots on the prairie. They were part of Don Mariano's ranch outfit going to the salinas for salt.

"Let us ride on to the salinas and await them there," said Don Mariano, and the two horsemen picked their way down the rough burro trail to the plain, then put their horses to a long gallop which brought them in half an hour to the salt lakes. For the salinas literally are lake basins packed solidly with salt. Part of their surface was smooth and level like a water surface. Other places were rough and dug out in great holes like cellars, showing where salt gatherers had been at work. Deeply worn trails led to the lakes from the north, the west and the south, and the ground about them was trodden with the feet of sheep, horses and cattle and the wild beasts of the plain, drawn hither by their hunger for salt.

Glibly out upon one of the basins for a closer examination, the American found that the pure white salt seen upon the surface was only an incrustation a half inch thick, and that beneath this stratum the salt was darker, as if discolored by earthy matter.

"How came the salt beds here?" he asked Don Mariano. "Are there salt springs at the bottom of the basin?"

The don shrugged his shoulders. "Quien sabe," he answered. "They have always been here. The Spanish colonists who first came to New Mexico 300 years ago, got their salt here, and their descendants have done the same to this day. Since the railroad came the salt we use on our tables, and much that we use for other purposes, is brought from the States. Yet many of the native people still get their salt from here, as my teams come to-day to get the year's supply for the stock upon my ranches. The trails you see centering here are worn by the travel of hundreds of years. And the buffalo and antelope in old times knew the salinas. Ah, I did not think an antelope was left so near the Rio Grande."

At the further end of the further basin three antelope stood at the edge eagerly nibbling salt. Their hunger for salt had overcome their fear of man and they acted as if unaware of the two men who watched the timid graceful creatures as the don went on:

"I can remember the time when we had to have weapons in our hands and a good-sized party when we came here for salt. The Mesquero Apaches and the Navajoes were liable to come as far as the salt lakes, and they were always hostile. The Comanches were supposed to be friendly with the New Mexicans, but even they were not always to be trusted when they met a weak party

out on the plains. There has been a good deal of Indian fighting, first and last, about these basins and the trails leading to them. There was a duel fought here many years ago that was very remarkable. It occurred long before I was born, but the story has been handed down in our family, for my grandfather, Don Porfirio Delgado, was present when it occurred. It came about through a foolish promise that a Mexican made a Comanche chief, which he thought he would never be called on to fulfill.

"The man was a Comanchero, as we say, who went out on the plains every year to trade with the Comanches. To carry through a bargain, or to help himself out of some tight place, he promised the Indian that he would give him his daughter for a wife when she should have grown large enough to marry. He was not called on to redeem his promise, for he was dead when the Indian demanded the girl, but it made trouble enough for other people, as you shall hear, if you care to listen to the story.

"It came about in this way. My grandfather, Don Porfirio Delgado, had come from his hacienda out to the salinas in August with a large party of his people to get his year's supply of salt. They came with a caravan of pack mules and carrettas, as we call the old-time carts made wholly of wood and rawhide, and drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. So many of his men at that season of the year were away herding sheep and cattle that to fill up his party he had brought with him some of the women that lived on his estate to help in their places. Among them was Manuelita Trujillo, the Comanchero's daughter, then an orphan girl, 16 years old. Our people, you know, mature early, and she was a young woman at that time, and a handsome one. Francisco Segura, a young vaquero in my grandfather's employ, thought so, at any rate, and, since she was one of the party, he had come along to herd the cattle and mules of the outfit.

"On the third day after arriving at the salinas they had all their carts and pack mules loaded with salt. They were yoking up the oxen, ready for a start for home, when a band of Indians came riding toward them from the mesas. Not knowing what tribe they might belong to, the Mexicans drew their carts into a circle, secured the mules and oxen, got their firearms ready, and waited. When the Indians came near our people they saw that they were Comanches, and felt easier in their minds; but still they knew that they could not trust them very far, in spite of the fact that they were at peace with the New Mexicans.

"The Indians halted just out of gun shot from the caravan, for they saw that our people had firearms and were on their guard. But their chief, a large, fine-looking Indian, with war paint on his face, gave the peace sign and rode toward the caravan. Before he had come half way Don Porfirio recognized him, and the Mexicans who had fought against the Comanches in the past said: 'It is Santarito.' All knew the name, for he was one of the bravest and most warlike of the chiefs that rode on the plains. Manuelita knew about him, and at his coming she shrank behind the other women, and drew her reboso about her face. But he saw her.

"My grandfather has often described to me the way Santarito looked as he rode up to them on the war horse, a splendid mustang, full of fire and speed. He wore a hunting shirt, fringed leggings, and moccasins of buckskin, and in his black streaming hair were three eagle's feathers. Hung to his neck by a buckskin thong, and resting on his broad, sinewy chest, was a great star of gold set with precious stones, that he had taken from the uniform of some dead Mexican officer of high rank. Across his back was slung his bow and quiver of arrows, and he carried his long lance in his hand.

"When we had come quite near the party he stopped and spoke to my grandfather, calling him by name, for they had met before in war and peace. He spoke in Spanish, for it was told of him that he had been educated at a Franciscan Fathers' school, from which he had run away to join his wild tradesmen.

"'Senor Delgado,' he said, 'will you choose peace or war?'

"We would have peace," answered my grandfather. "Why should we fight? The Comanches and the New Mexicans are friends."

"Then give up to me the girl Manuelita. Her father promised her to me when she was a child. Give her to me and there shall be peace and gifts between us."

"Don Porfirio looked toward Manuelita. She had sunk to the ground, her face ashy pale, her look full of horror."

"What is this the chief says?" asked the don of her. "What does he mean by saying that your father promised her to him? Is it true?" She lifted her head. "It is false!" she cried. "My father never meant it. He had no right to give me, a Christian girl, to an Indian."

"Don Porfirio looked very grave. He saw that some sort of promise had been made, and knew that whether or not the father had spoken in jest, or had a right to give it, it would make no difference with the chief who was there with his men behind him, and meant to have the girl. No one knew better than my grandfather the dangers and evil consequences of a fight with the Comanches

at that time and out on the lonely plain, encumbered with loaded wagons, and far away from water.

"A third of his party were women, and the Indians outnumbered the men two to one. The Comanches had no firearms, but they were brave fighters, and could do deadly work at close quarters with their bows and arrows. And then the women! If the Indians were victorious there was a certain and terrible fate for the men, but that of the women was as certain and worse. Manuelita was only an orphan girl whose father had been of no very good repute, and she had no relatives living to take up her case.

"Let the Comanchero's daughter be given up to the chief," whispered some of the Mexicans, whose wives and daughters were with them. "She is but one, and it will save the lives of many. Her father liked the Comanches well enough, and she may get along as well among them. And did he not promise her to Santarito?"

"Manuelita heard, or felt, these whispers, and shuddered beneath the reboso she had drawn over her face. But there was one who came to her, and took her hand in his, and stood by her, saying that he would protect her while his life should last. It was Francisco Segura, the vaquero, and his example gave courage to others. Don Porfirio was not a man of a coward's way of thinking. He would protect his own, whatever might befall, and Manuelita was of his household. He knew the risk he was taking for himself and his people when he said:

"Santarito, the girl is not willing to go. Her father had no right to say who should have her when she was a little child. She is under my protection, and shall remain with her own people, since she so chooses. See, here is a colt, fit for breaking next year, which I have reared to be my own horse. I will give him to you in acquittance of her father's promises."

"The chief laughed scornfully, and made a gesture of contempt.

"I will give you my own saddle besides," the don continued, "so that you may be equipped in a manner befitting a great chief when you mount the colt next year."

"Santarito's look was black, and he plainly was impatient to end the talking.

"I care nothing for your colt and saddle," he said. "The girl I will have, with no more words or waiting. For the last time I ask you, shall I take her in peace or in war?"

"Let it be war, since you will have it so," said Don Porfirio, growing angry in turn. "I have offered you all I have to give."

"Santarito gave a swift glance round toward his band and lifted his lance. But he remained where he was, and did not give the signal to his men to attack. He was not the head chief of his tribe, and it was a serious thing for him to break a treaty on his own responsibility. Besides, he knew that if it came to battle some of his men would be killed, however the affair turned in the end.

"We may settle the matter another way if you choose," he said. "Come out and fight me single-handed before all our men. Face to face we will decide whether I or your people shall have the girl. Or, if you are too old, send one of your younger men."

"He looked as he spoke at Francisco Segura, standing at Manuelita's side. At his word Francisco took a step forward.

"I will fight you," he called out. "Don Porfirio, give me leave to fight the Comanche chief."

"Santarito looked at him, and his lip curled. 'I am a chief,' he said, 'and he is only a cowherd. But let him come out and be killed. I will carry his scalp on my lance when I ride with Manuelita back to our rancharia.'

"Go, since you ask it, and God be with you," said the don to Francisco. "But ride my black horse. You know him, for you broke him as a colt. He will not flinch or fail you."

"On the don's black horse, the swiftest in the Rio Grande valley, Francisco rode out to meet the chief. He carried in his hand a gun, and upon his saddle horn his braided lasso was loosely coiled. The women lamented and the men looked very grave at his prospects, for he could give but a single shot with his gun, while the Indian's quiver was full of arrows, every one of which he could send in surely in the time it would take Francisco to reload his piece. And then there was the lance, and Francisco had none.

"Santarito rode back, keeping to the left until he had reached a point equally distant from his band and the caravan. Francisco took up a similar position on the right, and the two faced each other 100 hundred paces apart. The Indian laid his lance in the loops of his saddle and took his bow and half a dozen arrows in his hand. Then with a shout to his pony he dashed upon Francisco, waiting to receive him with fusil raised. Half way to him the Comanche swung down sidewise from his saddle, so that his pony's body should completely protect him from a shot, and swerved the animal to pass Francisco in a circle. At the same time, from under its neck, he sent arrow after arrow at him as fast as one could count.

"The second arrow sent struck Francisco's saddle, and the next passed through his sleeve, grazing his shoulder. At the same moment he fired, aiming to hit the Comanche's head beneath the pony's neck. The bullet

missed Santarito, but it was a lucky shot, for all that, for it struck his bow, breaking it. Instantly the Indian sprang up in his saddle, grasped his lance, and charged straight at his enemy.

"Francisco set spurs to his horse to meet the charge, at the same moment lifting from his saddle horn the coils of his lasso. With the gun held in his left hand, he parried the lance thrust, wheeled his horse behind the Indian's pony as it went by like a flash, and flung his lasso over Santarito. His aim was true. The noose fell over the Comanche's head and shoulders, and, before he could throw it off, Francisco had caught a turn of the braided rope about his saddle horn, wheeled his horse, and set the spurs hard into his flanks. With a bound the fiery animal was off and away, jerking the Indian from his saddle, over his pony's back, and dragging him helpless over the prairie. As he fell to the ground the lasso slipped above his shoulders, but tightened again about his neck, and held.

"At sight of this, the Indians gave their war cry and started for Francisco. He did not pull rein until they were half way to him. Then he checked his horse, leaped to the ground, threw the lasso from the Indian's neck—the neck was broken—plunged his knife twice into the Comanche's heart to make his work sure, took the gold star from the chief's breast, and springing to the saddle, dashed back to the caravan with a score of arrows, whistling after him. The Indians pulled up their ponies before getting very near the Mexican party, and turned back to where their dead chief lay. They made no further hostile move, but seemed stunned and dazed at the result of the duel. They did not wait long, but rode away to the eastward in the direction where their rancharias lay, carrying with them Santarito's body bound across the back of his war horse.

"This is the story of the duel at Las Salinas. Francisco, of course, was a great hero after the affair. He married Manuelita that fall, as he had wanted to do for years past, and he became head vaquero on my grandfather's ranches, so they were both prosperous and happy. When, after many years, his working days were over, his son took his place on my father's estate."

Just as Don Mariano finished his story the sound of hoofbeats near at hand caused the two to look round. The approaching wagons were still a mile away, but the foreman had ridden ahead to select the spot where they should halt up. He was a stalwart handsome Mexican, about 40 years of age, and the American noted his perfect seat in the saddle. He rode up to them, bowed respectfully, and stood awaiting any orders that Don Mariano might have to give.

"Have you your gold medal with you, Francisco?" asked the don, after their talk about the location of the wagon was ended.

For answer the Mexican put his hand inside his shirt collar and drew forth a large star of gold, somewhat dulled and worn, but still holding several of the brilliants with which it had once been thickly set.

"Yes, I see. You are taking good care of it," said Don Mariano. Then turning to the American: "It is the gold star that his grandfather took, 70 years ago, on this spot, from Santarito."—N. Y. Sun.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS.

Changes in Make to Show in Reduced Sleeves.

In the way of new materials for the spring and the summer months, goats hair cloth, bareges, grenadines, canvas will be preferred to crepons. For more dressy wear, soft satins and glace silk with printed patterns, taffetas, chine with flowers without leaves and rather confused designs. Tulle will be much in vogue for balls and evening dresses.

In the make there will probably be two distinct changes, namely, the sleeves reduced in size and skirts trimmed either with flounces or bows of Louis XV. ribbon. But the general effect will be puffy and voluminous, especially with the capes in light materials covered with frills or flounces, ruffles, ribbons, and what not.

There is also a question on the subject of immense collars, spread out in the Medici style, being adopted. We shall see if this idea takes later on.

In the way of bonnets milliners are trying to bring in again wide ribbon strings tied under the chin, but, as it is not becoming, and also a warm mode in summer, it is more than likely this return to old times will not be accepted.

The new hats and toques are moderate in size, the capotes small, the ornaments placed high rather than wide, and consisting principally of masses of flowers, quite hiding the foundation form—violets, roses, primroses, hyacinths; also rich Pompadour ribbon in silk and gauze.

Very few feathers are used. A hat in black drawn net is almost concealed with a quantity of shaded carnations and large bows of green and pink glace ribbon.—N. Y. Mercury.

—There can be no friendship without virtue; for that intimacy, which amongst good men is called friendship, becomes faction when it subsists among the unprincipled.—Sallust.

—God hath yok'd to guilt her pale tormentor—misery.—Bryant.

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." Mrs. M. M. Messenox, Freehold, Penn.

This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act quickly, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

LINCOLN'S WIDE SYMPATHY.

Treated All People Alike in a Courteous Manner.

"I once Greely once said: 'I doubt whether man, woman or child, white or black, bound or free, virtuous or vicious, ever accosted or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln and detected in his countenance or manner any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority, or betrayal of disdain.'"

"Frederick Douglass, the orator and patriot, is credited with saying: 'Mr. Lincoln is the only white man with whom I have ever talked, or in whose presence I have ever been, who did not consciously or unconsciously betray to me that he recognized my color.'"

"George Bancroft, the historian, alluding to this characteristic, which was never so conspicuously manifested as during the darker days of the war, beautifully illustrates it in these memorable words: 'As a child, in a dark night, on a rugged way, catching hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, Lincoln clung fast to the hand of the people and moved calmly through the gloom.'"

POETRY, FEB. — She (sentimentally)— "What poetry there is in fire!" He (singly)— "Vow! a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."—Harper's Bazar.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and everywhere esteemed so highly by those who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is a true remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, you may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, you should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

There is just a little appetizing bite to Hires Rootbeer; just a smack of life and good flavor done up in temperance style. Best by any test.

Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c package makes 5 gallons. Sold every where.

LIKE A GARDEN.

Rank Weeds Grow Among the Flowers
That Blossom

In Christ's Earthly Garden, Where the
Fragrance of Good Work and Faith
Oscillates the Thorns That Hide
Beneath the Roses—Dr.
Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage's text last Sunday was:
Isaiah lviii, 11: "Thou shalt be like a
watered garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have
in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery
and startling antithesis and rapturous
lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive
narrative and devotional psalm;
thoughts expressed in style more
solemn than that of Montgomery, more
bold than that of Milton, more terrible
than that of Dante, more natural than
that of Wordsworth, more impassioned
than that of Pollock, more tender than
that of Cowper, more weird than that
of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems
of the earth into its coronet, and it
weaves the flames of judgment into its
garlands, and pours eternal harmonies
in its rhythm. Everything this Book
touches it makes beautiful, from the
plain stones of the summer threshing
floor to the daughters of Nahor filling
the trough for the camels; from the
fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalm-
ist praising God with the diapason
of storm and whirlwind, and Job's
imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the
Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of sum-
mer redolence. The world has had a
great many beautiful gardens. Charle-
magne added to the glory of his reign
by decreeing that they be established
all through the realm—deciding even
the names of the flowers to be planted
there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, es-
tablished gardens of bewitching beauty
and luxuriance, gathering into them
Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants.
One of the sweetest spots on earth was
the garden of Shennstone, the poet.
His writings have made but little im-
pression on the world; but his garden,
"The Leasowes," will be im-
mortal. To the natural advantage
of that place was brought the
perfection of art. Arbor and terrace
and slope and rustic temple and reser-
voir and urn and fountain here had
their crowning. Oak and yew and
hazel put forth their richest foliage.
There was no life more diligent, no
soul more ingenious, than that of Shen-
stone, and all that diligence and genius
he brought to the adornment of that
one treasured spot. He gave £300 for
it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am
to tell you to-day of a richer gar-
den than any I have mentioned.
It is the garden spoken of in
my text, the garden of the church,
which belongs to Christ. He bought it,
he planted it, he owns it and
he shall have it. Walter Scott,
in his outlay at Abbotsford,
ruined his fortune, and now, in the
crimson flowers of those gardens, you
can almost think or imagine that you
see the blood of that old man's broken
heart. The payment of the last £100,
000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell
you that Christ's life and Christ's death
were the outlay of this beautiful garden
of the church, of which my text speaks.
Oh, how many sighs and tears and
pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women
who saw him hang! Tell me, ye execu-
tioners who lifted him and let him
down! Tell me, thou sun that didst
hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved
the church and gave himself for it. If
the garden of the church belongs to
Christ, certainly he has a right to walk
in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-
day; walk up and down these aisles
and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness
for thyself.

The church, in my text, is appropri-
ately compared to a garden, because it
is the place of choice flowers; of select
fruits, and of thorough irrigation.
That would be a strange garden in
which there were no flowers. If no-
where else, they would be along the
borders or at the gateway. The home-
liest taste will dictate something. If it
be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or
dahlia, or daffodil, but if there be
larger means, then you will find the
Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea,
and clustering oleander. Well, now,
Christ comes to His garden and He
plants there some of the brightest
spirits that ever flowered upon
the world. Some of them are
violets, inconspicuous, but sweet
as Heaven. You have to search
and find them. You do not see them
very often, perhaps; but you find where
they have been by the brightened face
of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium
on the stand, and the new window
curtains keeping out the glare of the
sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like
the ranunculus, creeping sweetly amid
the thorns and briars of life, giving
kiss for sting; and many a man who
has had in his way some great black
rock of trouble, has found that they
have covered it all over with flowery
jasmine, running in and out amid the
crevices. These flowers in Christ's
garden are not, like the sunflower,
gaudy in the light, but wherever dark-
ness hovers over a soul that needs to
be comforted, there they stand, night
blooming cerisees.

But in Christ's garden there are plants
that may be better compared to the
Mexican cactus—thorns without, love-
liness within; men with sharp points of
character. They wound almost every
one that touches them. They are hard

to handle. Men pronounce them noth-
ing but thorns, but Christ loves them
notwithstanding all their sharpnesses.
Many a man has had a very hard
ground to cultivate, and it has only
been through severe trial he has raised
even the smallest crop of grace. A
very harsh minister was talking to a
very placid elder, and the placid elder
said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I
do wish you would control your tem-
per." "Ah," said the minister to the
elder: "I control more temper in five
minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right
than for other men to do fight. The
grace that would elevate you to the
seventh Heaven might not keep your
brother from knocking a man down. I
had a friend who came to me and said,
"I dare not join the church." I said,
"Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a
violent temper. Yesterday morning I
was crossing very early at the Jersey
City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a
large quantity of water into the milk-
can, and I said to him, 'I think that will
do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked
him down. Do you think I ought to join
the church?" Nevertheless that very
same man, who was so harsh in his be-
havior, loved Christ, and could not
speak of sacred things without tears of
emotion and affection. Thorns with-
out, sweetness within—the best speci-
men of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.
There are others planted in Christ's
garden who are always radiant, always
impressive—more like the roses of deep
hue that we occasionally find, called
"Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers,
St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes,
Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords.
What in other men is a spark, in them
is a conflagration. When they sweat,
they sweat great drops of blood. When
they pray, their prayer takes fire. When
they preach, it is a Pentecost. When
they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When
they die, it is a martyrdom. You find
a great many roses in the gardens, but
only a few "Giants of Battle." Men
say: "Why don't you have more of
them in the church?" I say: "Why
don't you have in the world more Hum-
boldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to
some ten talents; to another one.

In the garden of the church which
Christ has planted I also find the snow-
drops, beautiful, but cold-looking,
seemingly another phase of winter. I
mean those Christians who are precise
in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as
snowdrops and as cold. They never
shed any tears, they never get excited,
they never say anything rashly, they
never do anything precipitately. Their
pulses never flutter, their nerves
never twitch; their indignation
never boils over. They live longer
than most people, but their life is in a
minor key. They never run up to "C"
above the staff. In their music of life
they have no staccato passages. Christ
planted them in the church and they
must be of some service or they would
not be there; snowdrops—always snow-
drops.

But I have not told you of the most
beautiful flower of all this garden
spoken of in my text. If you see a cen-
tury plant your emotions are started.
You say: "Why, this flower has been a
hundred years gathering up for one
bloom, and it will be a hundred years
more before other petals will come
out." But I will have to tell you of a
plant that was gathering up from all
eternity, and that nineteen hundred
years ago put forth its bloom never to
wither. It is the passion plant of the
Cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethle-
hem shepherds looked upon it in the
bud; the rocks shook at its bursting;
and the dead got up in their winding-
sheets to see its full bloom. It is a
crimson flower—blood at the roots,
blood on the branches, blood on all the
leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the
nations. Its breath is Heaven. Come,
O winds from the north and winds
from the south and winds from the east
and winds from the west, and bear to
all the earth the sweet-smelling
savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

Again, the church may be appropri-
ately compared to a garden, because it
is a place of fruits. That would be a
strange garden which had in it no
berries, no plums or peaches or apricots.
The coarser fruits are planted in the
orchard or they are set out on the
sunny hillside, but the choicest fruits
are kept in the garden. So in the
world outside the church, Christ has
planted a great many beautiful things—
patience, charity, generosity, integri-
ty, but he intends the choicest fruits to
be kept in the garden, and if they are
not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere sentimental-
ity. It is a practical, life-giving,
healthful fruit—not posies, but apples.
"Oh," said somebody, "I don't see what
your garden of the church has yield-
ed." In reply, I ask where did your
asylums come from, and your hospitals
and your institutions of mercy? Christ
planted every one of them—he planted
them in his garden. When Christ gave
sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner
stone to every blind asylum that has
been built. When Christ soothed the
demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner
stone of every lunatic asylum that has
been established. When Christ said to
the sick man, "Take up thy bed and
walk," he laid the corner stone of every
hospital the world has ever seen. When
Christ said, "I was in prison and ye
visited me," he laid the corner stone of
every prison reform association that
has ever been organized. The Church
of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is
full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it.
I know there are some weeds that
ought to be thrown over the fence. I
know there are some crab-apple trees
that ought to be cut down. I know
there are some wild grapes that ought
to be uprooted—but are you going to
destroy the whole garden because of a
little gnarled fruit? You will find
worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and
insects that sting in the fairy groves of
the Champs Elysees. You do not tear
down and destroy the whole garden
because there are a few specimens of
gnarled fruit. I admit there are men
and women in the church who ought
not to be there, but let us be frank and
admit the fact that in there are hun-
dreds and thousands and tens of thou-
sands of glorious Christian men and
women—holy, blessed, useful, con-
secrated and triumphant. There is no
grander, nobler collection in all the
earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in this
house whose religion is not a matter of
psalm singing or church going. To-
morrow morning that religion will
keep them just as consistent and con-
secrated in their worldly occupation as
it ever kept them at the communion
table. There are women here to-day
of a higher type of character than Mary
of Bethany. They not only sit at the
feet of Christ, but they go out into the
kitchen to help Martha in her work,
that she may sit there, too. There is a
woman who has a drunken husband,
who has exhibited more faith, patience
and courage than Ridley in the fire. He
was consumed in 20 minutes. Hers has
been a 30 years' martyrdom. Yonder
is a man who has been 15 years on his
back, unable to feed himself, yet calm
and peaceful as though he lay on one
of the green banks of Heaven, watching
the oarsmen dip their paddle in the
crystal river. Why, it seems to me this
moment as if St. Paul threw to us a
palm-branch catalogue, of the fruits
growing in this great garden of Christ—
love, joy, peace, patience, charity,
brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy;
glorious fruit, enough to fill all the
baskets of earth and Heaven.

Again, the church in my text is ap-
propriately called a garden, because it
is thoroughly irrigated. No garden
could prosper long without plenty of
water. I have seen a garden in the
midst of a desert, yet blooming and
luxuriant. All around us was dearth
and barrenness; but there were pipes,
aqueducts, reaching from this garden
up to the mountains, and through those
aqueducts the water came streaming
down and tossing up into beautiful
fountains, until every root and leaf
and flower was saturated. That is like
the church. The church is a garden in
the midst of a great desert of sin and
suffering; but it is well irrigated; for
"our eyes are unto the hills from
whence cometh our help." From the
mountains of God's strength there flow
down rivers of gladness. "There is a
river the stream whereof shall make
glad the city of our God." Preaching
the Gospel is one of the aqueducts.
The Bible is another. Baptism and the
Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water
to slake the thirst, water to wash the
unclean, water tossed high up in the
light of the Son of Righteousness,
showing us the rainbow around the
throne. Oh, was there ever a garden
so thoroughly irrigated! You know
that the beautiful of Versailles and
Chatsworth depends very much upon
the great supply of water. I came to
the latter place, Chatsworth, one day
when strangers are not to be admitted;
but an inducement which always seem-
ed as potent with an Englishman as
an American, I got in, and then the
gardener went far up above the
stairs of stone and turned on the wa-
ter. I saw it gleaming on the dry
pavement, coming down from step to
step, until it came so near I could hear
the musical rush, and all over the
high, broad stairs it came foaming
flashing, roaring down, until sun-
light and wave in gleesome wrestle
tumbled at my feet. So it is
with the church of God. Everything
comes from above; pardon from
above, joy from above, adoption
from above, sanctification from above.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden
gate, and I see who is coming. I hear
the voice of Christ: "I am come into
my garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus;
we have been waiting for thee; walk
all through the paths; look at the
flowers, look at the fruit; pluck that
which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus
comes into the garden and up to
that old man, and touches him and
says: "Almost home, father; not many
more aches for thee; I will never leave
thee; take courage a little longer and
I will steady thy tottering steps, and I
will soothe thy troubles and give thee
rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ
goes up another garden path, and He
comes to a soul in trouble, and says:
"Peace! all is well. I have seen thy
tears. I have heard thy prayer. The
sun shall not smite thee by day nor the
moon by night. The Lord shall pre-
serve thee from evil; He will preserve
thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another
garden path, and I see great excite-
ment among the leaves, and I hasten
up that garden path to see what Jesus
is doing there, and lo! He is breaking
off flowers, sharp and clean from the
stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill
those beautiful flowers." He turns to
me and says, "I have come into my
garden to gather lilies, and I mean to
take these up to a higher terrace, for
the garden around my palace, and there
I will plant them; and in better soil
and in better air they shall put forth

brighter leaves and sweeter redolence,
and no frost shall touch them forever."
And I looked up into His face and said:
"Well, it is His garden, and He has a
right to do what He will with it. Thy
will be done!" the hardest prayer ever
man made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took
the best; from many of your house-
holds the best one is gone. You know
that she was too good for this world;
she was the gentlest in her ways, the
deepest in her affections; and when at
last the sickness came you had no faith
in medicines. You knew that the hour
of parting had come, and when, through
the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,
you surrendered that treasure, you
said: "Lord Jesus, take it—it is the
best we have; take it. Thou art
worthy!" The others in the household
may have been of grosser mold. She
was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will
not be fairly begun until you get there.
All the kindness shown them by im-
mortals will not make them forget you.
There they are, the radiant throngs
that went out from your homes. I
throw a kiss to the sweet darlings.
They are all well now in the palace.
The crippled child has a sound foot
now. A little lame child says: "Ma,
will I be lame in Heaven?" "No, my
darling, you won't be lame in Heaven."
A little sick child says: "Ma, will I
be sick in Heaven?" "No, my dear,
you won't be sick in Heaven." A
little blind child says: "Ma, will I be
blind in Heaven?" "No, my dear, you
won't be blind in Heaven. They are
all well there."

I notice that the fine gardens some-
times have high fences around them
and you can not get in. It is so with a
King's garden. The only glimpse you
ever get of such a garden is when the
king rides out in his splendid carriage.
It is not so with this garden, this
King's garden. I throw wide open the
gate and tell you all to come in.

Whoever will, may. Choose now
between a desert and a garden. Many
of you have tried the garden of this
world's delight. You have found it has
been a chagrin. So it was with Theo-
dore Hook. He made all the world
laugh. He makes us laugh now when
we read his poems; but he could not
make his own heart laugh. While in
the midst of his festivities he confront-
ed a looking-glass, and he saw himself
and said: "There, that is true. I look
just as I am; done up in body, mind
and purse." So it was of Shennstone,
of whose garden I told you at the begin-
ning of my sermon. He sat down amid
those bowers and said: "I have lost my
road to happiness. I am angry and
envious and frantic, and despise every-
thing around me just as it becomes a
madman to do."

O, ye weary souls! Come into Christ's
garden to-day and pluck a little heart's
ease. Christ is the only rest and the
only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do
you not think your chance has almost
come? You men and women who have
been waiting year after year for some
good opportunity in which to accept
Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten,
twenty, thirty years—do you not feel
as if now your hour of deliverance and
pardon and salvation had come? O
man, what grudge hast thou against
thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it
be saved? I feel as if salvation must
come to-day in some of your hearts.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

DAISY PEACH is the name of a school
ma'am of Mount Desert, Me.

HARRY FURNISS, the cartoonist of
London Punch, will come to America
again next fall. He will lecture, of
course.

PROF. EDWARD S. HOLDEN, of the Lick
observatory, will view the solar eclipse
next August from the summit of Mt.
Hamilton.

TENNESSEE promises to get a large
share of the immigration to the south
this year. The state is being exten-
sively advertised.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has agreed to
deliver an oration at the celebration of
the 150th anniversary of the founding
of Princeton college.

QUEEN VICTORIA's real estate, not in-
cluding the United Kingdom and its
branches, includes six hundred dwell-
ing houses and a successful dairy farm.

ADM. DOR, the well-known dwarf
who has exhibited himself all over the
world, now runs a hotel at White
Plains, N. Y. Maj. Atom, also in the
same category, is the admiral's night
clerk.

A LONDON brute not only declined the
leap year proposal made to him by a
lady, but sent her, instead of the new
dress which he owed her in conse-
quence of his refusal, an elaborate out-
fit of grave clothes.

AN order has been issued in San Fran-
cisco that expressly forbids street car
conductors to wear colored shirts, or
cuffs, and further specifies that they
must wear white shirts, collars and
cuffs while on duty.

THE largest gold brick ever cast in
the Black Hills was recently deposited
in a Deadwood bank. It weighed a
trifle less than 125 pounds and was
worth about \$30,000. It was the result
of a 15 days' output.

A MORMON choir is traveling on the
Pacific coast. Two daughters, one son-
in-law and several grandchildren of
Brigham Young are members of the
choir. It costs the organization \$15,000
to visit the Pacific coast. They have
175 singers, many of whom are well-
known soloists in the musical world.
Paderewski and Sousa recently took
part in their concerts.

FASHION'S FICKLE FANCIES.

These Are Things All Women Should
Carefully Note.

The new sheer wools, both plain and
patterned, are a delight to the eye with
their daintiness of tint, and to the touch
with their silky softness.

The very popular sleeve model of the
moment fits the arm very closely, some
inches above the elbow, and has a short,
full puff at the top, the sleeve at the
wrist sharply pointed and frilled with
rich lace.

In very many of the new gowns made
by Frenchmen the sleeves are very long,
with the "calla" point over the head.
Dinner gowns are made with a long,
pointed bodice, cut en pompadour in the
neck, front and back.

Stylish Norfolk jacket suits are made
of pin-check wools in various novel and
pretty color bleachings, but the ma-
jority of the mohair Siciliennes and
twilled mohairs are made up in tailor
fashion with full gored skirt and an
open-front jacket that is cut to lap and
button when occasion requires.

Box-plaited and tucked fronts in
jackets, basque bodices and boleros will
in a great degree take the place of the
drooping blouse fronts so long in vogue,
and India mulls, silk etamines and
grenadines will replace chiffon and
mosseline de sole for the making of
many evening gowns, the former fabric
being a degree less perishable; but
diaphanous textures will still be greatly
used as draperies over waists and
sleeves of silk, satin and brocade.

Combinations in dress seem to appeal
more to the general taste than self-
colored trimming and fabrics, and great
scope is given to the modiste by the in-
roduction of so many novel and beau-
tiful fancy dress goods to be used with
plain fabrics, and, although very gay
and brilliant spangled garnitures, jet
arabesques and bands, and flowered,
plaided and striped ribbons will be the
rage, they do not obviate the necessity
nor lessen the demand for a combina-
tion of materials in the gown.

There is great variety and much glitter
and glow about the Easter costumes
this year. Violent contrasts and ex-
cess of garniture upon gowns, wraps
and headwear are very noticeable. From
three to five different colors appear up-
on French hats and bonnets, and in
many cases the wrap does not match
the gown, the gown the bonnet nor the
gloves either or any of these articles of
wear, and a walk upon any of our city
thoroughfares will reveal such a medley
of colors, combinations and co-existing
styles as have never before been massed
together outside the doors of a French
carnival ballroom.

French cashmere, soft as silk and
lending itself to most graceful, classic
lines, is much favored for tea gowns and
all kinds of dressy house toilets. Fayette
and silk-warp Henrietta cloths are like-
wise favored, and the garnitures are
guipure and renaissance laces, narrow
gimps, satin ribbons and swansdown.
The Watteau plait is still a feature of
house gowns, and most of them have a
princess effect, with much trimming
on the front and shoulders, the sleeves
either full elbow puffs or a close coat
shape, with smaller puffs at the top of
the arm, made spreading in effect, how-
ever, by the long points from the collar-
ette that falls above them.

Grass cloth is likely to hold its high
position for the entire summer; for, in
order to keep it from becoming com-
mon, its price is quite high—extremely
so when we consider the material is
made of flax, and looks unpretentious
enough both in relation to color and
character. But expense is given to it
by reason of its silk-woven patterns,
and the fine metal threads that outline
the tinted designs; and as the patterns
are open work and the grass cloth
transparent, it necessitates a silk lin-
ing; therefore, the cost does not end
with the purchase of the fabric with its
embroidered trimmings.—N. Y. Post.

Apples Cooked in Butter.

Pare and core six tart apples of equal
size and arrange them in a baking dish
that is large enough to receive all the
apples on its flat surface. Place a tea-
spoon of sugar in the hollow of each
apple and a small quantity of any pre-
ferred spice. After they have begun to
bake baste them with scanty half cup
of water, in which a level tablespoon
of butter has been melted, and repeat
the basting twice. The last basting
will use up the buttered water and the
apples should be done shortly after-
ward. This preparation has a very
dainty flavor, and it will present an at-
tractive appearance if the fruit is not
broken. It is usually served hot for
breakfast, or for a winter supper. Su-
gar may be dusted over the apples
when taken from the oven, or if they
are to be eaten cold it may be added
just before sending to table.—Boston
Globe.

Foot Etiquette.

What to do with one's hands has been
considered a sort of test of ease of man-
ner, but foot etiquette is nowadays a
distinctly-recognized topic of the
physical culturist's curriculum. Crossed
feet are not only inelegant, but weaken
the ankles; tip-tilted feet are indis-
creet, and toes or heels twisted upon
hair rungs are not to be tolerated.
Straight on the ground, well beneath
the shadow of the skirt, and in an easy,
natural position is the pose for feet that
are not in walking use.—Good House-
keeping.

—Drake, Sands, Brainard and East-
burn all died young, yet each left a
name for great abilities.

Constipation & Biliousness

Cause

Sick-headache,
Pains in the back,
Sallow complexion,
Loss of appetite and
Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

RAMON'S LIVER PILLS AND TONIC PELLETS

One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c.

Treatise and sample free at any store.
BROWN MFG. CO., New York.



THIS WATCH

is guaranteed same as our

\$100 WATCHES

to run well and
keep good time.

THE PRICE IS \$2.50

This watch is exact size as represented, of American manufacture, solid nickel silver case, stem wind, stem set, quick train, duplex escapement.

Send in your orders or call and see us when you come to Lexington.

Fred. J. Heintz, Manufacturing Jeweler,

Near Government Building, Lexington.

I. DINGFELDER, WITH

J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—

West Main Street

LOUISVILLE, KY.

H. B. MAUPIN, WITH

REED, PEEBLES & Co.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c., &c.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

W. T. COLVIN, WITH

TRIMBLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

MT. STERLING, KY.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM

VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS

Has led all WORM Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by

RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

The Herald \$1 a year in advance.

LATE STATE NEWS.

An Italian talks of starting a rice farm near Middlesboro.

Wm. Dewitt, the wife murderer, was hanged at Grayson last week, according to program.

Four murder cases are on the docket of the Shelby circuit court to be tried at the present term.

Mat and Dillard Rainey have been indicted for the murder of Aaron Adams in Clarke county.

A man suspected of being Jack Earl, who killed Wm. Colvin in Taylor county, was arrested near New Haven.

State Auditor Stone has sent out the assessment sheets to the sheriffs of the several counties of the state. Taxes are now due.

It is reported that another attempt will be made to collect the Carter county railroad tax, but little credence is given the rumor.

As a result of the recent decision of County Judge Williams, of Franklin, sixteen convicts were released from the Frankfort pen last week. More will follow soon.

Sabbatarians have accomplished their desire in having a strict external observance of Sunday at Ashland. Not even a newspaper was allowed to be sold there last Sunday.

B. F. French, father of Marion French who was lately shot by John Roberts in Knott county, asked the sheriff to release Roberts, as the shooting was done in self-defense.

The new Republican committee of Montgomery county met at Mt. Sterling and elected C. H. Duty, chairman; Watt M. Gay, secretary, and John C. Wood, treasurer.

At Williamsport, Mrs. John Glacking compromised her \$15,000 damage suit against James A. O'Hara for killing her husband. O'Hara paid her \$1,500 and settled all the costs.

Deputy Sheriff W. L. Lawson arrested Link Jones and Alex Beasley, both colored, and lodged them in jail at Lancaster, charging them with committing assault on Ida Hayden, a colored girl twelve years of age.

The Lexington confederates, having charge of the Battle Abbey fund, are quite pleased with the progress they are making. Over \$400 has already been subscribed by people of Lexington and Fayette county.

About forty school teachers from Paris, Georgetown and Lexington will soon go up the Kentucky river in a naphtha launch. They will make a study of geological formations on the river, and other scientific investigations.

Bourbon county is having a newspaper debate over the free turnpike question, says the Leader. Some of the disputants have raised the old foggy cry that the removal of tollgates will increase the number of idlers and night prowlers, and are urging the fiscal court to continue the present antiquated order of things.

Gov. Bradley received a letter from a woman last week asking for her husband's pardon. She closes the letter as follows: "Now, dear governor, please let my husband come home to his wife and eighteen children. He has one little girl six years and one four years old that he has never seen." With such an appeal, the governor surely ought to pardon the man.

The man with the snake story will now amuse you while the fish liar takes a much needed rest. The first snake stories of the year and the best of the year are already in, and they will make some of the old timers take back seats. One from Lancaster is that a whole cave full of "blowing" vipers were blown up with dynamite and a wagon load of reptiles hauled off. From Lester comes a yarn which equals this. A box of snakes floated down a creek and a farmer found the creepers. They had been boxed by some wag and set afloat in the Cumberland river.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIS, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to 120 families, any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one to two hundred dollars around home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers for eighteen 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

FRANCIS CASEY,
St. Louis, Mo.

The School Fund.

Mr. Davidson, the superintendent of public instruction, says that while there has been no official correspondence on the subject, that a tacit understanding has been reached by himself, the auditor and others that this year's school fund deficit shall be made up in full out of future funds, and that all schools and teachers will get the full amount contracted for and promised for this year. This will be good news to many teachers who feared a curtailing of the school terms, and the loss of a month or so's salary.

The superintendent, however, like everyone else, now foresees a great reduction in the per capita to be fixed for the next school year. It will probably be from \$2.80 per capita to as low as \$2.25. The reports of census-takers are now coming in and enough have been received to show there will be an increase, if a small one, in the number of school children reported, as compared with last year's report of 727,723. This fact in connection with the reduced revenue for school, as well as other purposes, and the fact that something like \$175,000 must be taken from it to make up the present deficit just referred to, will easily cause the big per capita reduction.

Beside this the schools are bound to be more expensive next year, as the attendance in all public schools will be larger on account of the new compulsory education law.—Frankfort Capital.

Spoons Free To All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It can not slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Any one can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home. Very truly,

9-21

JEANNETTE S.

Store House For Rent.

I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent. John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and or address G. B. SWANGO, May 6, 1896. Hazel Green, Ky.

Probably the largest check that was ever drawn is now in the possession of Merchants H. and L. Loevenhart, of Lexington, says the Herald, and on display in their Main street window. "Largest" in this case applies to dimensions and not to the amount called for by the check. The cardboard upon which it is drawn measures 18x6 inches, and came by express from Cincinnati on Saturday as payment for a debt of \$1 owed the firm by Mr. A. Crigler, of that city. It is made out in regular commercial form and calls for \$1 from the German national bank of Cincinnati. The express charges on the check were 25 cents, which had to be paid by the firm here.

A woman's "guess" is more accurate than a man's certainty. Your wife "guesses" that your sick-headaches come from your stomach and are the results of a slight attack of biliousness. She is probably right, and you can completely cure them at a cost of only 25 cents by asking your druggist for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. One little pill and a few of the Tonic Pellets will make you feel like a new creature. Two medicines, two benefits, two values, but one price. Sample dose free.

Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and govern yourselves accordingly.



IT TICKLES YOU THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flat, Cholera, Malaria, Nausea, Chills, Stomach, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SHALLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, DOES GOOD—EVERY TIME.
Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.
The size contains two and one half times as much as the 15c bottle.

HERB MEDICINE CO. SPRINGFIELD, O.



J. M. HAVENS,

PRACTICAL

Jeweler and Watchmaker,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Keeps a full line of
Watches, Jewelry,
and Spectacles.

Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Spectacles a
Specialty.

 If you need anything
in the Jewelry Line or
Fine Silverware, see us
We can save you big money.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Spencer Sporadics.

News is quite scarce in this country, however I send you a few items.

Hon. P. Wat Hardin and a Mr. Humphry debated the money question at Mt. Sterling, on the 24d inst., before a large and attentive audience of the business men and farmers of this county.

The free silver craze is abroad in this part of the political vineyard in all of its blazing, glaring inconsistency. Hundreds of the good farmers of this county it seems have "given themselves over to hardness of heart to believe a lie that they may be damned." From the harvest of defeat may they reap their reward for their folly.

The inveterate and uncompromising foe of mankind visited this neighborhood and summoned from the transitory scenes of earth-life to appear in that changeless realm that exists somewhere beyond mortalities deepest shadows, one of the oldest and most venerable citizens of this county, Preston Howard. He was a man acquainted with the deepest sorrows of life. Sorrows so deep and powerful overshadowed the closing years of life that reason sat tottering on its throne. We sympathize with his friends and hope that a life so veiled in gloom may shine with brighter lustre in the great beyond. His remains were interred by the Masonic fraternity in Macpelah cemetery at Mt. Sterling, the 21st inst.

We were glad, Mr. Cooper, to read your card announcing your candidacy. Here's wishing you success in your aspirations. What we need is more men to represent the people's interests and not the selfish and greedy interests of the already privileged few. As a mountain man, Mr. Cooper, I feel that you have already proved yourself deeply interested in the prosperity of the mountain people and have done more through your valuable paper, THE HERALD, to elevate and further their interests than any man that has graced our country for many years, and the mountain people could not represent their interests better, nor honor a man more worthy than by poking Capt. Cooper through the congressional auger hole.

May 24.

SLOCUM.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

oct18,19

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Sick-headache,
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One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c.

Treatise and sample free at any store.
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\$100 WATCHES

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keep good time.

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This watch is exact size as represented, of American manufacture, solid nickel silver case, stem wind, stem set, quick train, duplex escapement.

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THE HERALD \$1. a year in advance.

LATE STATE NEWS.

An Italian talks of starting a rice farm near Middlesboro.

Wm. Dewitt, the wife murderer, was hanged at Grayson last week, according to program.

Four murder cases are on the docket of the Shelby circuit court to be tried at the present term.

Mat and Dillard Rainey have been indicted for the murder of Aaron Adams in Clarke county.

A man suspected of being Jack Earl, who killed Wm. Colvin in Taylor county, was arrested near New Haven.

State Auditor Stone has sent out the assessment sheets to the sheriffs of the several counties of the state. Taxes are now due.

It is reported that another attempt will be made to collect the Carter county railroad tax, but little credence is given the rumor.

As a result of the recent decision of County Judge Williams, of Franklin, sixteen convicts were released from the Frankfort pen last week. More will follow soon.

Sabbatarians have accomplished their desire in having a strict external observance of Sunday at Ashland. Not even a newspaper was allowed to be sold there last Sunday.

B. F. French, father of Marion French who was lately shot by John Roberts in Knott county, asked the sheriff to release Roberts, as the shooting was done in self-defense.

The new Republican committee of Montgomery county met at Mt. Sterling and elected C. H. Duty, chairman; Watt M. Gay, secretary, and John C. Wood, treasurer.

At Williamsport, Mrs. John Glacking compromised her \$14,000 damage suit against James A. O'Hara for killing her husband. O'Hara paid her \$1,500 and settled all the costs.

Deputy Sheriff W. L. Lawson arrested Link Jones and Alex Beasley, both colored, and lodged them in jail at Lancaster, charging them with committing assault on Ida Hayden, a colored girl twelve years of age.

The Lexington confederates, having charge of the Battle Abbey fund, are quite pleased with the progress they are making. Over \$400 has already been subscribed by people of Lexington and Fayette county.

About forty school teachers from Paris, Georgetown and Lexington will soon go up the Kentucky river in a naphtha launch. They will make a study of geological formations on the river, and other scientific investigations.

Bourbon county is having a newspaper debate over the free turnpike question, says the Leader. Some of the disputants have raised the old foggy cry that the removal of tollgates will increase the number of idlers and night prowlers, and are urging the fiscal court to continue the present antiquated order of things.

Gov. Bradley received a letter from a woman last week asking for her husband's pardon. She closes the letter as follows: "Now, dear governor, please let my husband come home to his wife and eighteen children. He has one little girl six years and one four years old that he has never seen." With such an appeal, the governor surely ought to pardon the man.

The man with the snake story will now amuse you while the fish liar takes a much needed rest. The first snake stories of the year and the best of the year are already in, and they will make some of the old timers take back seats. One from Lancaster is that a whole cave full of "blowing" vipers were blown up with dynamite and a wagon load of reptiles hauled off. From Lester comes a yarn which equals this. A box of snakes floated down a creek and a farmer found the creepers. They had been boxed by some wag and set afloat in the Cumberland river.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to 120 families, any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one to two hundred dollars around home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers for eighteen 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

FRANCIS CASEY,
St. Louis, Mo.

The School Fund.

Mr. Davidson, the superintendent of public instruction, says that while there has been no official correspondence on the subject, that a tacit understanding has been reached by himself, the auditor and others that this year's school fund deficit shall be made up in full out of future funds, and that all schools and teachers will get the full amount contracted for and promised for this year. This will be good news to many teachers who feared a curtailing of the school terms, and the loss of a month or so's salary.

The superintendent, however, like everyone else, now foresees a great reduction in the per capita to be fixed for the next school year. It will probably be from \$2.80 per capita to as low as \$2.25. The reports of census-takers are now coming in and enough have been received to show there will be an increase, if a small one, in the number of school children reported, as compared with last year's report of 727,723. This fact in connection with the reduced revenue for school, as well as other purposes, and the fact that something like \$175,000 must be taken from it to make up the present deficit just referred to, will easily cause the big per capita reduction.

Beside this the schools are bound to be more expensive next year, as the attendance in all public schools will be larger on account of the new compulsory education law.—Frankfort Capital.

Spoons Free To All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It can not slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Any one can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home. Very truly,

9-21

JEANNETTE S.

Store House For Rent.

I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent. John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and or address G. B. SWANGO, May 6, 1896, Hazel Green, Ky.

Probably the largest check that was ever drawn is now in the possession of Merchants H. and L. Loewenhart, of Lexington, says the Herald, and on display in their Main street window. "Largest" in this case applies to dimensions and not to the amount called for by the check. The cardboard upon which it is drawn measures 18x6 inches, and came by express from Cincinnati on Saturday as payment for a debt of \$1 owed the firm by Mr. A. Crigler, of that city. It is made out in regular commercial form and calls for \$1 from the German national bank of Cincinnati. The express charges on the check were 25 cents, which had to be paid by the firm here.

A woman's "guess" is more accurate than a man's certainty. Your wife "guesses" that your sick-headaches come from your stomach and are the results of a slight attack of biliousness. She is probably right, and you can completely cure them at a cost of only 25 cents by asking your druggist for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. One little pill and a few of the Tonic Pellets will make you feel like a new creature. Two medicines, two benefits, two values, but one price. Sample dose free.

Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and govern yourselves accordingly.



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MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Spencer Sporadics.
News is quite scarce in this country, however I send you a few items.
Hon. P. Wat Hardin and a Mr. Humphry debated the money question at Mt. Sterling, on the 24d inst., before a large and attentive audience of the business men and farmers of this county.

The free silver craze is abroad in this part of the political vineyard in all of its blazing, glaring inconsistency. Hundreds of the good farmers of this county it seems have "given themselves over to hardness of heart to believe a lie that they may be damned." From the harvest of defeat may they reap their reward for their folly.

The inveterate and uncompromising foe of mankind visited this neighborhood and summoned from the transitory scenes of earth-life to appear in that changeless realm that exists somewhere beyond mortalities deepest shadows, one of the oldest and most venerable citizens of this county, Preston Howard. He was a man acquainted with the deepest sorrows of life. Sorrows so deep and powerful overshadowed the closing years of life that reason sat tottering on its throne. We sympathize with his friends and hope that a life so veiled in gloom may shine with brighter lustre in the great beyond. His remains were interred by the Masonic fraternity in Macpelah cemetery at Mt. Sterling, the 21st inst.

We were glad, Mr. Cooper, to read your card announcing your candidacy. Here's wishing you success in your aspirations. What we need is more men to represent the people's interests and not the selfish and greedy interests of the already privileged few. As a mountain man, Mr. Cooper, I feel that you have already proved yourself deeply interested in the prosperity of the mountain people and have done more through your valuable paper, THE HERALD, to elevate and further their interests than any man that has graced our country for many years, and the mountain people could not represent their interests better, nor honor a man more worthy than by poking Capt. Cooper through the congressional auger hole.

May 24

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